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Current Comments

Conservative Promises

BY the time these notes appear the Conservative Conference will be in full swing and we shall have learnt that the Cabinet are united; that Mr. Baldwin agrees equally heartily with Mr. Amery, Mr. Churchill, and Sir William Joynson-Hicks; that every evil has a cure, and that the Government will find the right one, if not before the election, then immediately after it. This may be good electioneering, but we cannot help hoping that Mr. Baldwin will not pitch his claims too high. In particular, safeguarding as a remedy for local afflictions is admirable; as a cure for unemployment it is bunkum. We cannot get richer by producing goods which no one will consume unless forced to do so. The unwilling buyer will never provide a sound foundation of any business. Safeguarding can be trusted to defeat dumping and unfair competition, because the Continental manufacturer cannot, in the long run, keep his wages below the general European level, and he cannot, still more clearly, go on selling at a loss. But when the cheaper Continental price is due to causes which are both natural and permanent, safeguarding becomes merely another, and less honest, name for protection. If we are going to protect anything, let us protect agriculture, and tax the urban electorate in the interests of health and beauty. As, however, we have in our wisdom delegated the power of taxation exclusively to the electorate, we can take it for granted that taxes will continue to be paid by the few for what the many misconceive to be their benefit, and that agriculture will continue on the dreary path of decline in order that townsmen may have more to spend on the cinema. This would be sound enough economics if only the townsman were prepared to produce cheap manufactures to pay for his cheap food and cheaper amusements. As he is not, trade will continue to be balanced out of savings and unemployment will continue.

THE total number of unemployed today is nearly 300,000 in excess of that of a year ago. Of this disastrous increase over 90,000 is accounted for by the coal mining industry, if we assume, as, unfortunately, we should, that the miners who have left their employment during the year have not found other work. It is foolish and dishonest to blame this or that party for the state of affairs; the blame must be shared by all parties who attempt to rival each other in lip-service to a false philosophy. No politician can resist a peroration, and, alas! their perorations are the only things the public remembers. Their *motif* is always the same. Whether it is tomorrow (Mr. MacDonald), or the day after (Mr. Lloyd George), or in the blue distance (Mr. Baldwin), the happier day is coming, not as a result of harder work, sacrifice or self-denial, but thanks to the beneficent operation of the tribal idol of this age of superstition, whose name is Evolution. History teaches us that men can only reap what they have sown; but scientists and politicians know better. They know that somewhere, by a little neat jugglery with purchasing power, with currency, with taxation, with a handful of chemicals, people can be made richer without working harder. This is called the philosophy of progress, whose doctrine it is that a long word provides a short cut. Rationalization, co-ordination, revaluation, stabilization, reconstruction, nationalization. . . . These abstractions are the bait which is offered by our politicians to seduce the simple electorate of this unsophisticated century. But the British workman cannot be deceived for ever, and when he finds out his mistake, unemployment will overtake the prophets.

Unemployment Again

NOTHING funnier has happened for a long time than the antics of the enlightened during the last four weeks at Paris and Geneva. The rush to sign the Peace Pact had barely ended when the rush to Geneva began. The renunciation of war might seem to simple-minded people to ease the path to disarmament; but for diplomats the converse seemed so obvious as to need no explanation. The news that England and France had reached a measure of agreement on the subject started

A Little Quiet Fun at Geneva

a more or less general stampede. Disarmament as a diplomatic weapon for redressing an unfavourable balance of forces or maintaining a favourable one was interesting enough; as a means of reducing armaments and so easing the burden of taxation which is crushing the trade of Europe, disarmament proved infinitely less attractive to America; also, in fairness be it stated, to Italy. The result has been a general increase in the atmosphere of disquiet which has hung over Europe since the slipshod inauguration of the new diplomacy by President Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George. The Assembly of the League began its session with a fiasco which even at Geneva was without a parallel. The great minds of Europe met in solemn conclave and found that they had nothing to say. The sequel was interesting. A great deal was done at Geneva, but not by the League of Nations. The great Powers, with studied disregard of this august institution, met privately and agreed to negotiate among themselves about the most pressing problems of the day. No decision could have been more sensible, or could have criticized more effectively the grandiose inefficiency of the League itself. The lessons of these high entertaining manœuvres are simple. No one takes the Peace Pact seriously; no one intends to disarm, except in so far as they can improve their relative naval or military strength by so doing; and the League of Nations, except as an instrument of diplomacy to be invoked at will by interested parties, is dead. It will continue to do usefully and efficiently the work which used to be done by *ad hoc* international conferences in non-political fields, but as a parliament of nations, it is not only obviously but at last admittedly, a failure.

Britain's Mistake

THE tragedy from the British point of view is not that the influence of the League *as such* is diminishing and will continue to diminish, but that we have become parties to a positive network of agreements and treaties outside the League Covenant. After all, the greatest of British interests is peace, and the greater our Continental commitments, the more this essential interest is jeopardized. To pretend that we can discount the risks to which we have subjected ourselves by getting every one all over the world to assure each other of their pacific intentions

is mere folly. The only thing to be said for the Peace Pact is that its signature is a sign of the good intentions of the signatories at this minute. What we have to fear, however, are the crimes or the follies of statesmen at some future date, and what we have to consider is our position if, and when, some statesman of the future provokes a war or blunders into one. If the next hundred years are to be bare of crimes and follies, we shall not be prejudiced by our Continental entanglements; but if the next hundred years resemble even remotely the last century, we shall live to regret this orgy of treaties in which post-war diplomatists have been indulging so recklessly.

The Balfour Formula

THE chance of a permanent settlement of the Reparations problem, which the new negotiations will offer, is one which should be taken. We must be careful, however, that it is not left to Great Britain to make the concession which will probably be required if France's needs are to be balanced by Germany's capacity to pay. The evacuation of the Rhineland, after all, is only a political lever. It will be useful in winning support in Germany for a final settlement of the Reparations' total, but it can do nothing to increase the total which Germany can pay, while it will in all probability actually increase the amount which French public opinion will insist on receiving. We do not envy Lord Cushendun his task, in the circumstances, of insisting rigidly on the Balfour formula whereby our demands remain fixed by the amount which we ourselves have to pay to America. Yet on this point there can and will be no surrender.

An American Statesman

GOVERNOR SMITH, the "democratic" candidate for the Presidency of the United States, has now made his acceptance speech. It is a document of importance, because for the first time for many years it reveals an American statesman. The Governor attacks the present administration for its tolerance of the scandals of prohibition, which, he says, have brought the Government into contempt and have degraded public life; for its lip-service to peace, its refusal to attempt to remove the causes of war, and its omission to deal with the grave problem of unemployment. The speech reveals not only a new personality of world importance, but a new America—the America to

whom the speech is addressed by one who, besides being a statesman, is the astutest of American politicians, trained in the hard school of Tammany. Governor Smith has said much of what England has been thinking. His declarations will do immense good to Anglo-American relations.

At least one of the issues on which the American election must be fought is of importance to all of us. The importance of the prohibition experiment has not been generally understood, for as a temperance measure it was not important at all. A man who cannot get a drink is not temperate: he is merely unfortunate. Temperance and prohibition are incompatible. What the prohibition laws did do, however, was to stake out the claim of majorities to dictate to minorities on matters where uniformity within any given area was not essential. The claim was morally outrageous and politically tyrannical, yet for years the majority in America has not only refused to abate it, but has had the audacity to attempt to enforce it. Among thoughtful people in Europe nothing else in history has given such a setback to the belief in majority rule. If the American majority, which unquestionably believes in total abstinence, retreats from its position, the cause of popular government will go ahead again. If it does not, now, or in the near future, the present trend away from popular government will continue. And quite rightly. There is no more reason for a majority of water-drinkers to make the minority follow suit than for a majority of beer-drinkers to force women, children, and teetotallers to drink beer. One might be a lesser evil than the other, but there is not, and never has been, any single reason for either absurdity. If people at large cannot understand this, they are incapable of self-government.

Railway Manœuvres

WEEK-END tickets at a fare and a third available from Friday till Wednesday are the latest move of the railway companies to get traffic back from the roads. This concession should satisfy even the most leisurely citizen's requirements; but it is too much to hope that this piece of enterprise will be followed by the revision of the terms for ordinary return tickets, governed at present by the delightfully complacent announcement that those available for three

months are issued at twice the single fare. This means, in plain English, that if, when you go away, you lend the railway company the cost of your return fare for three months, they are just business-like enough to give you a receipt for it, but not sufficiently so to pay you any interest. If we had to choose one thing to typify the spirit of British railway management during the last decade, we should choose this. The railway policy of minimizing facilities, of concealing the facts about them, of penalizing the excursionist with intolerable delays and the third-class travellers (on whom they depend) with gratuitous discomfort has been foolish to the point of insanity. This is changing slowly, but even today there is one line carrying thousands of tired and thirsty men daily to and from the South Coast where a first-class passenger cannot get a whisky and soda for less than 4s., while the third-class passenger cannot even get a glass of water. Where is our modern Sir Philip Sidney to remedy this intolerable anachronism?

The "Laws" of Science

THE British Association meeting has produced its usual crop of astonishing forecasts of future progress. Evolution, of course, is a scientific fact, and it is wrong, I suppose, to laugh at science. Unfortunately a "scientific fact" is a term used by scientists to describe what a logician calls an hypothesis, and what you and I call a guess. We may have evolved from monkeys, but we do not know and we never shall. To argue from such a despairing guess that, because we have changed so much, we shall change still more, is the refinement of pessimism. If the English people became a nation of super-Englishmen, engaged presumably in watching super-films and super-cricket, they would have ceased in the process to be the nation that won and held the British Empire. We venture to think that it will take more than a "scientific fact" to dispose of a race capable of that achievement.

A New Monarchy

AHMED ZOGU has been proclaimed King of Albania, and the autocratic regime which he has introduced into that amazing country has been given the cloak of permanence. His election as President was carried out with the utmost solemnity, and his acclamation as King was as formally

correct. In the former case, as became a mere President, Zogu stood by the voting table in civilian clothes, only a slight bulge in his pocket indicating to the deputies as they came to record their votes that peace in Albania was reserved for men of goodwill. The new monarch in his military uniform is no longer forced to masquerade. Prince Wilhelm of Wied is said to be meditating a protest. He fell from his rickety throne in September 1914 and is, apparently, a little hurt that in the interval the attention of the world has been unaccountably distracted from his grievance. From the rest of Europe the new monarchy has had a silent welcome, only the Italians being openly pleased, and only the Jugo-Slavians being openly displeased. Whether either, or both, have any reason for their attitude is as uncertain as everything else in the Balkans.

Greyhounds and Gambling

GREYHOUND racing shares are at a heavy discount, and there are fears that the new "sport" will not take permanent root. These fears are, unfortunately, groundless. Gambling will not get unpopular until prosperity returns. It is only in a secure world that people save their money. A few ingenious people may be making fortunes by doping dogs or overfeeding them, but to talk of these things as "bringing discredit on the sport" is ridiculous. The greyhound may not always be as grey as he is painted, but the intrusion of the human element adds a zest. If dull people want to eliminate it, they have only to introduce the electric greyhound. For most, however, the element of chance provides the excuse for the bet, and it is at least as likely to defeat the speculator with inside knowledge as the punter who gets his tip from the kind friend he met on a bus.

The Prize that Glittered Most

THE impending departure of Lord Birkenhead for the City is, oddly enough, an event of national importance. This is not a tribute to his statesmanship, which is in dispute; or to his legal genius, which is indisputable; but to his deserved pre-eminence as a careerist. Lord Birkenhead figured in the war but never, like Mr. Winston Churchill, sought to exchange

civic fame for military glory. He knew the odds too well. But while his friend still climbs the rugged path to the premiership, Lord Birkenhead has seen the glitter in other prizes. The great conqueror has had a look round, picked up a trifling pension of £5,000 a year, and gone. We are left to mourn the passing of a great tradition—the tradition that in England, alone of all the countries of Europe, the political career was the finest open to men of brains and integrity. Volumes might be written on the significance of Lord Birkenhead's apostasy. What will strike the plain man is the ease with which a vast income can be confidently anticipated in the City by a man wholly without business experience. Either the City pays too much for its brains or the nation pays too little. The latter is much nearer the truth than the former. The whole machinery of the modern State is, in plain fact, in danger of a breakdown. The task of administration today is intricate and laborious, and the less the nation pays to its administrators, the more essential is the creation of fool-proof systems which hamper the initiative of the citizen, restrict his liberties, and, in the end, defeat their own object by creating a hostile public opinion against which no administration can prevail. We have been preserved from the corruption and the wooden inefficiency inseparable from bureaucracy by our tradition of amateur government by landowners, *rentiers*, and the younger sons of rich men who could, with the help of the nominal salaries paid to public servants, maintain themselves in tolerable comfort and educate their children. With the devaluation of money, politics and the Civil Service can no longer draw recruits from the same classes. They can only get men of the brains, class, and tradition to whom the nominal salaries offered make an appeal.

Underpaid Civil Servants

THE trouble has long been apparent in the Civil Service, where the salaries are merely derisory in comparison with those paid in commerce. No competent commercial traveller would accept for a moment the emoluments of an assistant secretary at the Treasury—a post of the highest responsibility which no one can attain without a long apprenticeship and which many never reach. As long as the supply of men with small private means

held out, the Civil Service could confidently reckon on a sufficiency of people who preferred "power to fame", as Morley said. But today the question is not if they prefer it, but if they can afford it. The answer is that a married man cannot possibly do so, if he is to remain a man of the world, moving in circles appropriate to his position. The alternative, passively accepted by the public, is to turn the Civil Servant into a clerk, and leave him to vegetate in a villa in Balham. This would be very amusing (for every one except the Civil Servants themselves), but for the curious fact that at the very same time we are extending almost hourly the powers and duties of our public servants. And what applies to the principal advisers of His Majesty's ministers, applies with redoubled force to ministers themselves, whose salaries are by no means adequate to meet even their out-of-pocket expenses. The plain fact is that if you tax your governing class out of existence, you have got to pay for your government on a scale wholly different from anything to which you have been used. The alternative must, in the long run, be an inefficient or, worse still, a corrupt government. These results have not yet fructified. But the elementary logic of facts shows that they must. Need we wait till it is too late? Is it impossible for a democracy to be not just or generous, but merely selfishly prudent?

The Civil Service Bonus

THE question of the Civil Service cost-of-living bonus raises a different point. One of the difficulties of discussing our governmental machinery is that the term "Civil Servant" is applied indiscriminately in the Press and in conversation to the postman, the five-pound-a-week clerk, and the administrative officials who, in effect, determine the policies of governments, and make and unmake their political "chiefs." The bonus is not a vital concern to the administrative officials, because for them it is proportionately much smaller. There is, of course, no reason whatever why this should be so. Officials whose basic salaries, for instance, are £700–£900 a year, get no benefit from the Rent Restriction Acts, pay more than double the pre-war price for the

education of their children, and pay three times as much in income tax. That, however, is by the way. As things are, the bonus dispute is only a vital interest to the manipulative and clerical grades. For them, the bonus is not ungenerous; but the insecurity of a salary scale dependent on the price of potatoes and margarine, to men whose expenditure is necessarily in great part independent of the prices of those rather unattractive foods, is obvious. The reason why the "bonus" system remains is that the Treasury, frightened by the Press, will not face the urgent task of fixing adequate salary scales for the public services. The problem is, however, one of far-reaching social importance, and the Government should step in. Here, if ever, is a case for a competent Royal Commission. It is not appointed because the Government know only too well that it would recommend, at any rate for the higher grades, drastic increases in salaries and a greater regard to efficiency in determining promotion. The Press would attack the first change, and the second would raise difficulties in the service itself. But governments are paid to face awkward problems, not to evade them. The traditions of the Civil Service are incomparable, and they ought to be preserved.

Honesty as a Policy

THE activities of Communists among the Canadian harvesters supply an interesting footnote to the figures which I quoted last month as to the real strength of Communist organizations. It is fashionable to laugh at people who talk of the Communist peril, and those who do must inevitably expect to be ridiculed not only now but for many years to come. But ideas are infectious things. Their period of incubation may be long—more, very often, than the whole lifetime of a man—but unless false doctrines are openly and boldly challenged, they will make headway. For this reason we regret that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's pamphlet—"Labour and the Nation"—has been so deliberately ignored by the Conservative Party. The pamphlet does not preach Communism, but a kind of predatory Socialism which, because it can offer something immediately, is far more popular with people who cannot or will not think. Without a

doubt the Labour policy, as now formally announced, would make many people better off temporarily at somebody else's expense. The result would naturally be disastrous in a very few years; but the loose appeals to "science" and "administration" to bridge the gap between what the individual would like to possess and what he is prepared to produce will deceive millions of well-intentioned enthusiasts, unless the fallacy is ruthlessly and systematically exposed. Incidentally, it is only by the exposure of the Labour programme that the Conservative Party can hope to retain some serious hold on the industrial constituencies. Honesty is the only good electioneering policy. Without it, Parliamentary government will fail, and the most hopeful experiment in the political history of Western Europe will peter out in disillusion and anger. Very recent history tells us conclusively that the courage of democracies is greater, not less, than that of their rulers. The British public can be relied on to face unpalatable facts as boldly in peace as in war. Unfortunately, their rulers cannot be relied on to proclaim them from the house-tops. Instead, we hear foolish talk of better trade and the coming era of prosperity from men who will tell every one privately that things are not getting better, but worse. The fact is that we are keeping more than a million men and their dependents out of our annual surplus and our investments. In other words, we are living on capital, and the process cannot continue.

Reforming the Police

THE Police Commission is shortly to begin its sittings amid considerable public anxiety, heightened by the unsavoury scandal disclosed in the recent trial of two police constables. We venture to recall the suggestion made in these notes a few weeks ago that the root cause of the trouble lies in the absence of an officer corps. The striking success of the Sandhurst experiment, where men from the ranks regularly win the highest distinctions in competition with the public school entries, shows clearly enough that creation of an officer corps does not imply the creation of a class barrier between the commissioned and the non-commissioned ranks. It does, however,

imply the absence of a barrier to the entry of men of means and education to the police force, such as is at present imposed in practice by the facts of the situation. Above all, it will automatically ensure a more formal internal discipline, such as every other public service finds it necessary to maintain. We hope also that the long-overdue separation of the routine duties of the uniformed police and the strictly police duties will be one of the principal recommendations of the Commission. Such a separation would enable the selection of the personnel of the "police" side to be even more rigorous than at present, though we can readily agree that the current standard is high.

The legal and social problems raised by the Commission's terms of reference are numerous and complex. They divide themselves, however, into two main groups. The first concerns the provisions of the law, and the second the manner of its administration. What has got to be ended once and for all is the attempt, by administrative method, to make offences which, in the eyes of the law, are not offences. If Parliament decides, for instance, to make solicitation an offence, the police will be bound to enforce the new law; but the system whereby the legal fiction of "annoyance" is used to enable the police to fulfil a self-imposed duty of "keeping the streets clean" must go. If solicitation is not made an offence, police interference with persons soliciting must be limited to cases where a third party makes a *bona fide* complaint of annoyance and is willing to appear in court to substantiate his charge. The trouble with this and kindred problems is that few men will come forward and say openly what they really think. The result is that public opinion, which is probably evenly divided, appears to be overwhelmingly on one side. It will be one of the principal tasks of the Commission to ascertain the real views of those whose experience makes them familiar, not with the rights or wrongs of the case, but with the results likely to ensue to the community from a change in the law in either direction. This task will not be adequately fulfilled unless witnesses are allowed, if they so desire, to give their evidence *in camera*.

D. J.

Notes from Paris

By George Adam

France and the Entente.—Continental and especially American observers are watching with great interest a new trend in international politics. Two years ago Great Britain's stock was rather low in Paris, and it was well quoted in Berlin. The reverse is now the case. The realist attitude adopted by British delegates in Geneva, their frank refusal to subscribe to undertakings the performance of which is wellnigh impossible, the firmness with which the world is reminded in discussions such as those of naval disarmament and the Kellogg Pact of the special requirements of our peculiarly distributed Empire, are held to indicate that the brakes have been put on and that Britain no longer believes as wholeheartedly as in the past that the last war did, indeed, annihilate the possibility of there being another. Diplomatic and Foreign Office changes are read as an indication that the Entente is not as dead as Germany hoped it was. Indeed, the Anglo-French naval plan, the participation of British cavalry in the French Rhineland manœuvres, and the presence of delegations of French and British officers at the aerial manœuvres over Paris and London are concrete instances of a return to the old relationship.

Defence and Man-Power.—However detestable war may seem to people, it cannot be felt with any certainty that in the last ten years of peace much has been accomplished by the League of Nations, Communism, or Pacts to make it impossible. In spite of the optimism expressed by the Mayor of Havre in engraving "Si vis pacem, para pacem" on Mr. Kellogg's pen, most nations still are busy preparing their defences against the possibilities of the crucial period of 1935–1939, when the French birth-rate will suffer its gravest effects from war losses, while

Germany and Italy are adding about a million a year to their population. The French new military law still has to prove its value, and practically no progress has been made with the field-works which are to complete France's defensive scheme. In Belgium, after a prolonged struggle, a fairly satisfactory compromise has been reached between the Socialists and the Liberals which will enable some 30,000 men to take the field at once. But funds for the modern armaments and mechanization of this new force, as well as for defensive works, still have to be voted. It is, perhaps, therefore not altogether strange that in view of that crucial period of seven years hence Western Europe should be looking about for something to take the place of the Rhineland guarantees which will then no longer be available.

It is, however, to say the least of it, far-fetched for the Italians to argue that the grandiose scheme for a trans-Saharan railway line is being pushed forward so that in those evil days France will, if necessary, be able to flood Europe with black troops for her defence in Europe. The war showed how much can be expected from those troops, and without a doubt they will enter in increasing numbers as factors in the European military situation. But anyone acquainted with the slowness with which such schemes as the trans-Saharan come to fruition will not reckon with its military potentialities for a good many years to come. A lot of preliminary work has, it is true, been accomplished, and in September the Government appointed a committee of distinguished military and colonial railway officers to study the scheme.

African Development.—It is clear that Africa is going to loom very large in world events during the next hundred years, and ambitious men of many nationalities are preparing to exploit her vast possibilities. The Italians notably have shown their determination to play an active part in any African development which is likely to affect the Mediterranean, and are already talking of a railway from Lake Chad to Tripoli as an alternative to the French scheme. It is clear that before any progress can be made with the trans-Saharan road diplomacy will have to placate the appetite of many countries.

NOTES FROM PARIS

Geneva Results.—Our modern Press has so accustomed us to look for "results" on its contents bills, whether it be the result of a horse-race or a murder trial, that it is only natural that the sub-editorial mind should seek to treat international politics with similar uncompromising bluntness. Communiqués of last month's important discussions in Geneva rather lent themselves to this summary process. Because after days of conversation M. Briand, Lord Cushendun, and Herr Muller come to an agreement as to the method of discussing the problems of Rhineland evacuation, and inter-allied and reparation debts, these trifling difficulties are proclaimed to be settled. All that has really been accomplished is that a fresh period of negotiation has been opened in the long and inevitable business of revising the Treaty of Versailles. It is very easy for the man entrenched behind his eggs and bacon and his morning newspapers to grunt and growl at the mention of any concession being made to Germany. But in practical politics such concessions are a desirable necessity. It is a dangerous business in a moment of temporary supremacy to exasperate a great and growing people. No one is more definitely persuaded of that peril than M. Briand, who has shown himself to be a velvet Bismarck. It has been, and is, the interest of France to encourage the growth of democracy in Germany. Time after time a concession or its promise has been obtained by Germany on the ground that otherwise the Republican hat of peace will be replaced by the *Stahlhelm* of war. The use of internal politics to gain advantage abroad is an old, old game. This time at Geneva it has been played once too often. M. Briand has done more than anyone in Europe to assist the development of democracy in Germany. But even he has made a stand against the whining menace and the beggar's blackmail. He may bring about a ministerial crisis in Germany. That is for Germany to decide. The world may not be much better off; it is certainly no worse off for its spell of Baldwin, Poincaré, Mussolini, and Rivera, and the return of the reactionary parties to power in Germany would at least enable Europe to measure their strength.

Alternatives to Protection

By Arthur A. Baumann

Of freedom, in the sense of personal liberty and security of property, England has had a larger share than any other civilized country. Of popular government, in the sense of government by the wish or with the assent of the majority of her citizens, England has had more than the European autocracies, but less than France, the United States, and Scandinavia; Sweden and Norway being the only real democracies that have appeared in the modern world. The plebiscite has never been introduced here, and the most superficial retrospect will show that all the important transactions in English history have been carried without consulting the feelings of the people. The substitution of the King for the Pope as the head of the national religion; the murder of Charles I; the deposition of James II; the introduction of Dutch William and Hanoverian George; the century of warfare with France; all these things were done without asking the opinion of the country. I don't say that the citizens ought to have been asked, or that they didn't acquiesce in the accomplished fact. I merely note that they were not consulted, and that religious and dynastic changes were effected by a small group of men in control of the political machine. The same thing will be found to be true of the legislation of the last century. The two questions which have preoccupied our Governments during the nineteenth century and the first two decades of the twentieth (apart from the war) have been the union of Ireland with England, and the merits of Free Trade and Protection. No one pretends that the people of England or Ireland were consulted about Pitt's Union. No one pretends that the English electors assented to the Irish treaty of 1922. They acquiesced in the accomplished fact, but they have banished its author from the task of governing them. Take the repeal of the Corn Law in 1846. The people of England were never consulted about

that. They acquiesced in it, and were glad enough to reap the rich commercial harvest produced by a combination of physical conditions that had nothing to do with the importation of corn. But it is remarkable that the only Tory statesman to whom the electors gave any measure of their confidence was Disraeli, who opposed the repeal, and who prophesied the destruction of the agricultural interest.

It is supposed that the electors definitely rejected Mr. Chamberlain's proposals for tariff reform in 1905. But there were two other issues which annoyed and excited men's minds at the time, Mr. Balfour's Education Act, which proposed to throw denominational schools on the rates, and the ignominious South African War, which the working classes rightly ascribed to Chamberlain. Had the so-called Unionist Party been united on the question of tariff reform, which was mishandled and muddled by its protagonists, and, above all, had it not been complicated by the war of "Rome on the Rates," the verdict might have been different. It is generally assumed that the result of Mr. Baldwin's appeal for a mandate for Protection in 1923 was an explicit declaration by the country against a policy of tariffs. I do not accept that assumption. It is true that Mr. Baldwin lost the majority of 79 that was given to Mr. Bonar Law in 1922. No party secured a majority in the Parliament of 1924. The Labour Party reached its high-water mark of 191; the Liberals kept 156 seats; and if Mr. Baldwin only had 258 supporters, it was, in my opinion, not so much a vote against Protection as against Mr. Baldwin, whom many electors had not then heard of, while others wondered who made him Prime Minister.

The object of these prefatory remarks is to discredit the belief, cherished by Liberals and a section of the Socialists, that the constituencies have a settled conviction against any change in fiscal policy. Mr. Churchill thinks that Free Trade is as firmly rooted in the popular mind as it was in the middle of the last century. On the contrary, I regard electoral opinion as a fair page on which any of the three parties may write their own policy, if they know how to do it. The change from free imports to tariffs will be made, as in the case of all other changes,

by a determined group which knows its own mind; and when made, it will, as always, be acquiesced in by the constituencies.

That some departure will have to be made from our present system of unrestricted imports, adopted at a time when England enjoyed an undisputed supremacy in manufacture and a practical monopoly of the iron and steel trades, need not now be argued. An examination of the alternatives to a system of protective tariffs now put forward by the three parties is worth making, however brief it must necessarily be. These policies are not proposed as alternatives to Protection, a word of which everybody is childishly afraid, but as cures for unemployment, or as aids to the distress which has fallen upon some of our leading industries. 1. Let us take first the Socialist Labour Party, which is directed by the trade unions. Mr. Ben Turner, the President of the Trade Union Congress at Swansea, clearly enunciated an economic policy. Put shortly, it is that Great Britain must grow its own food by the intensive culture of 2,200,000 acres now used, or misused, for other purposes. A gigantic colonization of all land not covered by houses must be set on foot by Government so as to mop up all the unemployed, save the dole expenditure, and achieve insular independence. To convert Epping, Ashdown, and the New Forests, the deer forests of Sutherland and Ross, the moors of Yorkshire and Lancashire, the downs of Berks and Wilts, and Sussex, the parks and gardens of England and Scotland, into plough and pasture looks like an expensive and lengthy operation. I am not a farmer, but I hazard the guess that £100 an acre would be an under-estimate of the cost of conversion, and taking Mr. Turner's figure, that would mean £200,000,000 to start with. Then farms would have to be stocked, and men withdrawn from the cities to do the intensive culture. But the most interesting point, as showing the back of the trade unionist mind, is that any scheme of home colonization, even on a limited scale, would require protective duties on foreign foodstuffs to make it self-supporting.

2. The Liberal Party has at last achieved unity of leadership, to the outward eye, at all events. Whether

Mr. Lloyd George represents the opinions of Lord Grey, Mr. Runciman, Sir John Simon, and Sir Herbert Samuel, may be doubted. But for the constituencies Mr. Lloyd George is the Liberal Party, and, as he controls the purse, it may be taken that what he says today his candidates will say at the General Election. I learn, from "the usual channels of information," that Mr. Lloyd George has bought some 500 acres of land and heather at Churt, near the Devil's Punch Bowl, and that, following the example of Burke at Beaconsfield, he has turned experimental farmer, under the direction of the Surrey agricultural experts. His results, by the way, ought to assist Mr. Ben Turner and the apostles of the colonization of England scheme. Mr. Lloyd George, like Mr. Turner, is an advocate of intensive farming, but, instead of colonizing on an impossibly gigantic scale, he proposes to buy out the existing landlords, presumably by taxing site values, and to make the State grant farming tenants statutory leases, conditional on their cultivating the land to the satisfaction of expert inspectors in the service of the Government. The British farmer is still, I take it, the most individualistic of national types. It is true he differs widely in appearance from the John Bull in top-boots as depicted by *Punch* up to the end of last century. But I am not sure that his mentality differs at all from that of his grandfather and father. Will he accept the Georgian inspector in place of the squire and his agent? No agrarian policy hatched in and dictated by the city is likely to be successful or even possible on the countryside. As a panacea for our commercial troubles, Mr. Lloyd George has done little but mutter the magical word "amalgamation," and munch the remainder biscuit of Cobdenism. Why, O why did he let Lord Melchett leave the fold, even if it was "to go to his place," whatever that cryptic quotation may mean?

3. The Government have declared to win the election with a Bill, or Bills, for it will require several, for the transference of three-fourths of the rates now paid by industrial companies to the taxpayers. What astounding ineptitude! I would give something to know who is the real author of the scheme of "de-rating," which is set forth in a White Paper presented by the Minister of Health to

Parliament. It must be some statistician, a tribe who are the priests of today's politics. The proposals are so complicated and technical that nobody can explain them, and nobody would understand the explanation. I should be sorry for the candidate who tried to hold a popular audience while he expounded the financial relations between the Exchequer and the local authorities. There will be attempted a good deal of coarse bribery by pointing out in each constituency exactly how many pence or shillings in the £ of rates will be saved by de-rating. But people have ceased to believe implicitly in these financial calculations, which have too often been disproved by results. It is madness to expect enthusiasm for proposals to pay three-fourths of the rates of the railways or of wealthy corporations.

Whether they like it or not, Messrs. Baldwin and Churchill will be forced to fight the election on the issue of safeguarding British industries, and nothing else. Mr. Baldwin will no doubt rejoice, for he is a Protectionist; but Mr. Churchill will be in a tight place, for he is a Free Trader. By the time this article is published Mr. Baldwin will have addressed the annual meeting of the Conservative Associations, and, what is perhaps more important, will have been addressed by them. The Prime Minister, however, has already struck the keynote of the Government's fiscal policy, from which he cannot well recede. It is that any British industry is free to come before the appointed Committee and prove its claim to be safeguarded by an import duty on its foreign competitors' goods. At present it is understood that food and raw materials are excluded from a hearing. The claim of safeguarding can be made good only by proving that the foreigners' goods are produced at a lower cost, owing either to a foreign Government's subsidy, or to the longer hours for lower wages worked by the foreign labourer. Such terms would surely entitle the British producer to a safeguarding duty against most goods produced in the Far East, in Japan, for instance, or India, and in Eastern Europe. But in France, Germany, and Italy the conditions of labour differ very little from those in England. Artisans often work longer in the United States than here, but they do so for higher wages, and

unhampered as a rule by the trade unions. Apart from wages and hours, there is always the question of a State subsidy, on which a claim for safeguarding might be successfully grounded. The door is wide enough. General Page-Croft has shown what has been done for the motor and silk trades by safeguarding duties. I have before me a letter in the *Times* of September 12 signed by Mr. H. Spalding, who describes himself as a Free Trader. He tells us of the following results for a company in which he is a shareholder : "In two years under safeguarding the average output has increased 36 per cent., wages have increased 20½ per cent., coal consumption has increased 15 per cent., ordinary dividends (nil before) are now 12½ per cent., and this, in face of the fact that the manufactured article has been reduced in price 10 per cent." No wonder that Mr. Spalding ends his letter by saying : "I shall soon have to change my views as to Free Trade, so-called."

There are plenty of Spaldings about, and their number is daily increasing. Why should we any longer be humbugged by a word? Safeguarding is Protection, and nothing else. Duties of import are of two kinds, for revenue, when they are imposed on articles we must have, but don't produce at home, such as tea, coffee, sugar, and tobacco, and for protection, when they are imposed on foreign commodities which compete with the articles produced at home. There are no other duties that I know of. Has half a century of national education left the majority of citizens the dupes of lying words? Many years ago I excited a mild sensation by prophesying that Home Rule would come from the Unionists, and Protection from the Labour Party. The first half of my prophecy has been fulfilled. It will be the fault of the present Government if the second half is likewise realized.

Cold Douches at Geneva

By Charles Tower

It was no doubt inevitable that the whole atmosphere of Geneva during this year's session of the Assembly of the League of Nations should be superheated by discussions about disarmament. It was equally inevitable that some disputants should grow hot with enthusiasm and should suffer a chill when somebody with authority and common-sense administered the annual cold douche. It fell this year to the lot of M. Briand to apply the antipyrine instead of to that of the British representative, as has usually happened. M. Briand may have found his task unwelcome, for nobody can accuse him of wanting either idealism or imagination. Yet the task proved less invidious in the long run than at first appeared; and his demonstrative rebuke to the particular German thesis, though it did not prevent its subsequent repetition, did at least produce a sufficient sense of realities to induce the Chancellor of the Reich to accept, in the Six Power negotiations regarding Rhineland evacuation, so much compromise as will enable the discussions to be continued in detail instead of being summarily broken off.

A certain weariness of apparently interminable disarmament discussions would really be excusable on the part of those who listen to or read the Geneva debates. An intelligent following of them involves minute acquaintance with a long series of commissions and committees and bilateral agreements and tripartite conferences and three- or five-power failures. No surprise need therefore be occasioned when the Spanish Dictator comes forward, as he recently did in a Spanish review, with a blunt declaration that he does not believe in the elimination of aggressive war by any treaties or compacts, and puts no faith in promises of disarmament. He asks for something less cumbrous and more effective, an overwhelming international force which will be instantly employed on the orders of a Supreme Tribunal to attack any country guilty of using violent measures to achieve national aims or assert national rights. This is really the old Geneva Protocol again. It was denounced and rejected by Great Britain because the burden of maintaining such a force would be unequally divided, because it would be impossible to determine who should command it,

because the very State outlawed by the Supreme Tribunal might be responsible for the maintenance or supply of an indispensable portion of the force to be employed, and because it would be almost impossible in many cases to secure instant, ungrudging, and general acceptance of the decision of the Tribunal. But essentially General Primo de Rivera approaches the French thesis of 1925, which is that the ability of France to reduce armaments is conditioned by the replacement of her defensive armaments by other equally reliable and equally material guarantees. That is really a universal and logical thesis. Each country has certain vital national interests to maintain. They are not always identical in form, and therefore the means taken to secure them will not always be identical unless and until there exists some supernational, invariably and immediately effective common instrument capable of being called in to protect them. General de Rivera thinks of that instrument in terms of an international police force. Senator Borah thinks of it as a universally accepted Supreme International Court whose international rulings will be accepted with as little dispute and, therefore, with as little need for a police force to back them as are the Inter-State decisions of the Federal Court of the United States.

Perhaps some such overriding instrument of equity and justice may be eventually devised if the world lasts long enough. In the meantime the best that men and governments of goodwill can do is to try to agree upon those factors in their defence programmes which are common to all and, therefore, can be in greater or less degree cancelled out. That is the material problem presented, but it was not that which dominated the discussion at Geneva. The debates from the outset were characterized by the assumption or claim of some representatives that enough pacts and treaties have now been signed to give so much of that material security which France has always demanded as to make the summoning at once of an international conference on disarmament a sane and practical proceeding. It fell to M. Briand's lot forthwith to show that the assumption was false. The battleground, so to speak, throughout the session was really the introductory clause to Part V of the Treaty of Versailles. "In order to render possible the initiation of

a general limitation of the armaments of all nations," runs the clause, "Germany undertakes strictly to observe the military, naval, and air clauses which follow." The word "disarmament" does not occur in the paragraph, though it is frequently cited by Germans as if it did. Nor does the word occur in the covenant. Article 8 reads: "The members of the League recognize that the maintenance of peace requires the reduction of national armaments to the lowest point *consistent with national safety*." German arguments at Geneva almost invariably suggest that the "total" disarmament of Germany, already accomplished from the point of view of the technique of 1914, was intended to lead to precisely similar disarmament of her former enemies. But it is not correct. The disarmament of Germany was intended to reduce the maximum degree of armaments felt to be needed by her neighbours with a view to their national safety. It was not suggested that such armaments would become altogether unnecessary, and no one in 1919 can seriously have supposed that the measures imposed upon Germany under the treaty would for ever remove all possibility of German aggression in all future circumstances. Since the Treaty was ratified, changes have taken place both politically and technically in the expectations regarding the conditions in which a future war might be prepared and eventually fought. Probably none of the leading countries of Europe could make and maintain such preparations for a future war as characterized the whole of German policy, down to minute details of financial and transport organization, in the decade preceding 1914. M. Briand pointed out that any such attempt would be resisted by the people of the country concerned. It would also very speedily produce a concerted effort at repression by other countries. In other words, the method of preparing for a deliberate war of aggression has changed since 1914. Supposing that some nation did harbour evil designs, it is tolerably certain that it would make every effort to conceal any outward signs of them and would concentrate upon its ability at a given moment to convert the machinery of peace into the instruments of war. It is sufficient to consider the comparative ease and rapidity wherewith commercial aircraft could be adapted for bombing purposes, or to recall the flat negative wherewith

the experts replied to the inquiry of the League's Sub-Commission whether any means could be devised to control in time of peace facilities for producing chemicals to be used in war. The experts declared that the war chemicals—for example, phosgene gas—are a legitimate product or interim product of pacific chemical industry. To forbid or to limit their production would be to hamper and restrict lawful and innocent industrial processes.

It follows, accordingly, that the ability to conduct a future war will, in all probability, depend less and less upon the previous preparation of vast supplies of heavy artillery and ammunition, which cannot go unobserved, than upon the ability rapidly to mobilize for destructive purposes legitimate peace-time industries and products. It was part of M. Briand's task to point out that in these respects Germany has attained since the war a position of eminence. Her industrial and scientific progress is legitimate and admirable. But it is also the greatest asset, if ever she should be inspired by hostile motives. There was a further striking reference in M. Briand's speech to the question of methods of making war, the bearing of which seems to have been missed. He pointed out that while Soviet Russia was clamouring for general disarmament of the Versailles type, and was signatory to the Kellogg Pact for the outlawry of aggressive war, she was all the time engaged vigorously in promoting methods of aggression of which the Kellogg Pact takes no account. The point was well taken. It seems certain that in any future preparation for aggressive war the weapon of propagandist activity in the country to be attacked will be used as fully as possible. Obviously, if the diplomacy of any country can be sufficiently handicapped and its resistance to "pacific" pressure from without be sufficiently weakened by internal disruption, a "war of aggression" can be practically won against it without a shot being fired. There are various forms in which such aggressive propagandist activity might be exhibited. In one country it might be possible to suborn a part of the Press; in another it might be more convenient to foster and to finance class-disputes, according to the highly-developed Soviet system; in a third public opinion might be skilfully divided by the trailing of "red herrings," legal arguments, economic warnings, or questions of minority rights across the true scent.

Such efforts could not go altogether unobserved in any well-organized and well-governed community, but at what point would they be held under the vague terminology of the Kellogg Pact to constitute aggression and therefore to justify war in self-defence? It may fairly be doubted whether most people who read the beautifully simple American and European sermonettes regarding the Pact, and glanced at its enchantingly brief terms, realized that in practice it was simply outlawing not aggressive war altogether, but simply the kind of aggressive war which had hitherto been familiar. A cynic might even suggest that what the nations of the world have done is to

> Compound for sins they are inclined to,
> By damning those they have no mind to.

Of Soviet Russia it would be true enough. The object of the Pact, of course, as viewed by American technicians, was to set one more legal obstacle if possible in the way of any such war of nations in arms as had previously and might again hamper the United States in trading with any nation, combatant or not. If the purpose can be achieved by such means, so much the better. If not, American squadrons of ten-thousand-ton cruisers with eight-inch guns must prevent effective blockades and enforce, for American purposes, the "freedom of the seas." But it was not so that the Kellogg Pact was read and understood by most people in Europe, or even, one may believe, by the large number of idealists who greeted it across the Atlantic. What generous-minded idealists did not perhaps sufficiently perceive was that the signatories of the Kellogg Pact actually renounced preparations for war which, as M. Briand said, no nation could nowadays make, and methods of aggression which are probably already out of date.

The conclusion to which M. Briand came was that the kind of aggression against which any nation must today be prepared has changed.

Therefore the technical disarmament of Germany was not quite so effective a measure of security as is commonly supposed, nor is France's need of means of defence quite so considerably reduced.

Lord Cushendun, following M. Briand, made a further point. It has not been found possible, despite all the

efforts of the Preparatory Commission on Disarmament, to establish a formula whereby accurately to measure and acceptably to compare the war-potential of different countries, their capacity rapidly to convert peace-industry to war-industry, their vulnerability to modern methods of attack, their control of raw materials, and so forth. We seem to be left, accordingly, with something like these general propositions: a future war will be prepared by different means, will become inevitable owing to different kinds of "aggressive" provocation, and will be fought by different weapons to those of 1914–1918. Against these partly untried and partly, as yet, incompletely developed methods, provocations, and weapons, nations will continue to take such precautions as they can and must until some other kind of valid security renders them unnecessary. And until they have evolved other measures or weapons they will not altogether or even very largely abandon existing forms of armament. But if the methods and weapons of aggression in the future can only be roughly estimated and foreseen, there is nevertheless one constant factor in the political situation bearing directly upon the sense of security, and therefore upon the national consciousness of need for defensive armaments. That factor is the actual daily and yearly experience of the conduct of such countries as have a high war-potential, and therefore must be regarded as possible future enemies. Here, once more, M. Briand pointed the moral. The French sense of security and therefore the French view of their own need of defensive armaments and precautions are directly affected by the closeness of German accord with such a Power as Soviet Russia, which openly proclaims her intention to use the new weapon of propagandist aggression, and by the continuance of German agitation for political union with Austria, involving a corresponding increase of population, equipment, and general war-potential. "Your war-potential is high," he said in effect. "We are still waiting to feel convinced that we need not within any reasonable time reckon with any desire on your part to make use of it." That was, and remains, a practical illustration in one specific instance of what is really the general problem. In that particular case, the forthcoming discussions of Rhineland evacuation and associated questions may or may not have some effect upon French convictions.

Lithuania and the League

By E. J. Harrison

MR. J. H. HARLEY'S article under the above heading in the September issue of THE ENGLISH REVIEW apparently pre-supposes the average reader's utter ignorance of the history of Lithuanian-Polish relations. In effect it is an ingenious begging of the entire question at issue. It seeks to create an impression that without warrant of any kind Lithuania is pursuing a deliberately vexatious policy dictated by her unreasoning hatred of Poland.

"There is," he writes, "the obstinate and irritating refusal of Lithuania to agree to any kind of free intercourse between the two countries. There are all sorts of minor incidents which, taken together, must constitute a terrible trial to Polish pride and self-confidence. But faced with it all, Poland never ceases to pursue the safe and well-beaten path of negotiation and diplomacy."

It seems a pity that Poland should even for a moment have strayed from this "safe and well-beaten path" on October 9, 1920, when, only two days after pledging herself to a precisely diametrical course of action, she forcibly seized Vilna and expelled the Lithuanians. If only Poland had then been so particular about her bearings as Mr. Harley assures us she is today, the present trouble would never have arisen, and Lithuania would have been mercifully spared the torrents of abuse which now descend upon her devoted head for being reluctant to expose herself to a renewal of her earlier painful experience, perchance upon an even larger scale.

It is regrettable that statesmen of the calibre of Sir Austen Chamberlain, today so quick to accuse Lithuania of "wanton provocation" for having named Vilna as her national capital in her new constitution, should have forgotten that Poland's less academic course in regard to that city in October 1920 was at one time as strongly denounced by the spokesmen of the League of Nations. Even a member of the present British Government, now Lord Balfour, when addressing the League Council in September 1921, severely censured Poland's conduct and

admitted the justice of the Lithuanian contention that many of the troubles from which they were then suffering arose from " the eruption of General Zeligowski and his troops into the disputed territory." Unfortunately for the future peace of Europe, the virtuous indignation of these gentlemen was soon afterwards bizarrely translated into a spectacular *volte-face* on this issue, and in the end they learned to pray for that which they had erstwhile so eloquently cursed! In other words, a member of the League, in this case Poland, may violate an agreement, negotiated with the consent and co-operation of the League Council, without incurring any disagreeable consequences, while the League is at liberty to stultify itself by first declaring most emphatically that it cannot recognize a settlement of a dispute arrived at without the approval of both parties, and shortly afterwards abrogating this sound principle in favour of Poland, despite energetic protests from Lithuania, another but weaker member of the League! And Lithuania's unpardonable offence in the eyes of Poland and the Powers behind Poland is her refusal to recognize either the legality or morality of a " settlement " which ignores or sets aside the most solemn international obligations voluntarily assumed by Poland.*

One is frankly at a loss to understand what on earth Mr. Harley means by " forbearance and non-resistance " on the part of Poland in this dispute. Let us suppose that as the result of the Russo-Polish War of 1920, Russia had finally captured Warsaw and formally annexed it to Russia through a skilfully gerrymandered vote of the local inhabitants. Suppose further that the old Franco-Russian alliance had later been resuscitated, and that the Ambassadors' Conference, subservient to French dictation, had then attributed Warsaw to Russia. In such a case, what would be the feelings of Poland if her refusal to acknowledge the justice of this decision, her reluctance to enter into " normal " relations with her powerful despoiler, without impeccable security against renewed

* It is worthy of note that three such distinguished international law authorities as Professors A. de Lapradelle, Louis Le Fur, and André N. Mandelstam, recently consulted by the Lithuanian Government, have declared that the Ambassadors' decision of March 15, 1923, assigning Vilna and the Vilna region to Poland, is not binding upon Lithuania in either law or equity.

aggression, and her mention of Warsaw in her constitution as her true capital were described in the terms today so generously lavished upon Lithuania? The qualities of "forbearance and non-resistance," negatively manifested by magnanimously refraining from grabbing a bit more of your neighbour's territory to punish him for declining to admit in writing that you were justified in robbing him in the first instance, and that the stolen property is lawfully his, must be relegated to a special category. The police who "run in," and the courts that convict, shady characters on the charge of loitering "with intent to commit a felony" are not quite so willing as Mr. Harley to credit one-sided professions of the best intentions.

A highly debatable conception of political expediency may explain, but cannot possibly justify, the pressure that has ever since 1920 been brought to bear upon Lithuania to compel her to accept the situation thus created by an act of brute force. Mr. Harley finds it difficult "to see our own country provoked as Poland has been, *by a very much weaker foe,* and abstaining from any action which even remotely suggests an ultimatum." To those familiar with all the facts, the implications of this remark will appear far from flattering to the ethical standards of a supposedly democratic regime such as our own, since one of those implications must be that the relative weakness or strength of a political adversary may legitimately be admitted as a factor determining final recourse to, or abstention from, an "ultimatum," irrespective of the true rights and wrongs of the quarrel in which the parties are involved. On the other hand, it is well to remember that for alleged acts which, even if the most prejudicial interpretation is placed upon them, could not possibly have been so injurious to Great Britain's territorial integrity and sovereign rights as the indisputable acts of Poland have been to Lithuania's, Mr. Baldwin's Government not long ago saw fit to break off official relations with the U.S.S.R. Moreover, a writer who does not share Mr. Harley's unbounded admiration for Polish philanthropy may well doubt whether British public opinion would, after all, support a British Government in treatment of a weaker neighbour commensurate with that meted out to Lithuania by Poland.

Only by tactfully obscuring the details of that treatment can Polish apologists successfully foster abroad the myth of a Poland patient and long-suffering in the face of deliberate and sustained "provocation." Only by a blind inversion of the rôles of plaintiff and defendant can seeming substance be imparted to that myth. Every student of the Lithuanian case will feel convinced that Mr. Harley is guilty of this inversion. There is nothing in his article to show that Poland's "sweetest of tempers" and her readiness to accept the advice of the League of Nations, as she formerly accepted the decision of the Conference of Ambassadors, are due to prudent realization that both this advice and that decision entirely square with her own view of her political and economic interests. Having nothing to lose and everything to gain by the resumption of frontier intercourse, the opening up of postal and telegraphic communication, and the establishment of railway traffic, which so appeal to Mr. Harley as a "thoroughly practical programme," it is easy for her to make a virtue of her own advantage and to denounce as "obstructive," "provocative," "obstinate," "irritating," etc., Lithuania's habit of withholding immediate, unqualified, and obedient assent to her every demand.

It would, for example, be impossible for the uninformed reader to gather from Mr. Harley's article that the League of Nations itself, only a few years ago, as already stated, condemned in very strong language Poland's seizure of Vilna, although later, for reasons of its own, it presumed to whitewash that proceeding in intelligent anticipation of the Ambassadors' decision of March 15, 1923, "legalizing" an act of almost unprecedented treachery. Mr. Harley is equally reticent on the historical fact that the Lithuanians occupied Vilna in July 1920, *at the express invitation of the Poles themselves*, who were then at war with Soviet Russia and preferred Lithuania to their enemy as a prospective occupant of the coveted city. The reasons for such preference were to appear in due course. As British Vice-Consul at the time, I actually attended, in the company of my chief, Wing-Commander R. B. Ward, the Consul-General, the meeting at the Lithuanian General Staff Office, when the Polish emissary, a Colonel

Rylski, tendered this invitation to the Lithuanian High Command, which accepted it. The Lithuanian troops entered Vilna on July 15 of that year, but the Lithuanian civil administration was not regularly established in the city until August. The Suvalki Agreement, concluded between Lithuania and Poland on October 7, 1920, confirmed this arrangement, which lasted, however, only until the Poles felt themselves strong enough to go back upon it, which they did by expelling the Lithuanians from the city two days later.

Mr. Harley is further prudently silent on the point that, apart from her traditional, historical, and ethnographic claims to Vilna, Lithuania bases her international juridical title, not alone upon the Suvalki Agreement, but more fundamentally upon the Moscow Treaty of July 12, 1920, which assigns the city and territory to her. In signing the Suvalki Agreement Poland pledged herself to abstain from any hostile action for the modification of the *status quo*, and on that ground alone the pains taken by Polish apologists to convince the world that Vilna is ethnographically Polish are entirely beside the mark. Those claims could be successfully challenged, did time and space permit, but they are really alien to the present controversy.

I am sanguine enough to believe that, when these salient facts are grasped by readers of THE ENGLISH REVIEW, they will not wholly share Mr. Harley's alternating amusement and indignation over what he facetiously describes as M. Voldemaras's "war-whoop" and slogan that "Vilna bars the way," or Lithuania's "childish manifestation of lack of good faith and experience," etc., to choose at random only a few of the epithets he has so freely bestowed upon "a very much weaker foe." Paraphrasing Macaulay, might not one say that the similitude, "childish manifestation of lack of good faith and experience," when applied to Lithuania, is almost the worst in the world? Surely Lithuania showed childish good faith in imagining that Poland was serious when she invited Lithuania to occupy Vilna and when Poland signed the Suvalki Agreement; and equally in supposing that she could trust the representatives of the Allied Powers to see justice done when in November

1922 she appealed to the Ambassadors' Conference to fix Poland's eastern frontiers. On the other hand, only grave lack of "experience" of the methods of Western diplomacy and international ethics could have led her into so erroneous a belief. If, then, today, after so many bitter lessons, Lithuania displays what Mr. Harley is pleased to call "a childish manifestation of lack of good faith," instead of an equally childish submission to the dictates of the stronger party, whoever should be blamed for the resultant embarrassment to Anglo-Franco-Polish plans for a certain political grouping of the border States, it is certainly not Lithuania.

The efforts of Polish apologists to saddle Lithuania and Professor Voldemaras with sole responsibility for failure of the negotiations arising out of the League's resolution of December 1927, which seeks to establish neighbourly relations between the two countries, are equally disingenuous. It is incorrect to say that Lithuania refuses to enter into any relations with Poland until the Vilna question is reopened and settled in her favour. What she very naturally and rightly does refuse to do is to accept a draft treaty proposed by Poland that would commit her to recognition of the *status quo*, i.e. of Poland's inalienable title to Vilna and the Vilna region. Tendencious press reports also diligently deflect this facet of the controversy from the orbit of discussion. The Polish draft undoubtedly goes beyond the scope of the League's resolution of December last, which expressly recognizes the existence of litigious questions between Lithuania and Poland, among which Vilna is cited as an illustration. Nevertheless, Poland invites Lithuania to regard it as definitely settled and to accept a document that assigns her the territory representing the very object of the dispute itself!

Ever since the pourparlers began last December, Lithuania has sedulously sought a formula of compromise. In her proposals she has been careful not to demand the immediate return of the territories to which, in her conviction, she has incontestable historical and juridical rights; she is content to recognize them as disputed, and proposes to solve the difference solely by peaceful means. The very Lithuanian draft treaty,

which Mr. Harley so derides, makes it clear that, although the conclusion of a pact of non-aggression and an arbitration treaty must necessarily be deferred until the final determination of the Lithuanian-Polish frontiers—which in their present alignment cannot be accepted by Lithuania—partial settlement of the claims of the past, guarantees of reciprocal security, and communication between the nationals of the two States are both desirable and practicable.

Mr. Harley sees something diplomatically dishonest in Lithuania's demand for an indemnity for the losses sustained through the Zeligowski capture of Vilna. Why? The Polish delegation itself, in a note dated March 31 last, informed the Lithuanian delegation that it would not oppose the inclusion of the question of reparations for General Zeligowski's action in the agenda of the conference, conjointly with the question of compensation for the losses said to have been caused to the Polish State by Lithuania's alleged violation of neutrality during the Polish-Soviet war. What intelligent objections can .then be raised to the incorporation of a reparation clause in any future Polish-Lithuanian treaty? In the draft put forward by Lithuania no amount is mentioned; that is left for subsequent agreement. Compensation of $10,000,000, in round figures, is demanded only in the account as submitted to the commission of security. The fundamental difference between the Lithuanian and Polish accounts is that, whereas Lithuania submitted claims for indemnification for a well-determined period, confined to the action of General Zeligowski, the Polish delegation tendered claims for reparations having reference to a period extending from 1920 to 1928: more remarkable still, as pointed out by Professor Voldemaras to the Press representative on July 18, the Poles actually demanded $7,000,000 for the maintenance of the "left wing" of the Polish army, "from East Prussia to the Latvian frontier," during the Russo-Polish campaign, from September 1920 until the spring of 1921. Now, in September 1920 not a solitary Polish soldier stood on the Latvian frontier, which was reached only *after* General Zeligowski's *coup* of October 9, 1920. It follows, therefore, that in Poland's opinion

Lithuania was under an obligation to cover and defend the Polish forces, for which reason she demands reimbursement of expenses, on the one hand, for the upkeep of a non-existent army and, on the other, for the support of General Zeligowski's troops which so kindly relieved her of the burden of Vilna! Could colossal effrontery go farther? Why is it that publicists—so eager to discover the smallest pretext for ridiculing or condemning Lithuania's policy and to dismiss as mere obstruction a carefully documented claim for material losses sustained through action which Poland herself at the time declared unlawful—should have no word of disapproval for a demand which, on its face, constitutes sheer mockery and unblushing cynicism? How, in view of such facts, can an objective observer endorse the reproach that Lithuania has not seriously handled these negotiations and that Poland alone has been imbued with a genuine desire to bring them to fruition?

Mr. Harley's effort to prove that Poland was far more accommodating than Lithuania in her attitude to the notorious Hymans project for reconciling the two countries will not bear examination. He says that Lithuania rejected the first Hymans scheme because "then, as now, she raised questions of what should be the official language of the Vilna Canton and quite evidently desired to place some embargo on the official recognition of Polish." It is news that during the recent negotiations the two delegations ever discussed the formation of a Vilna Canton and the official language to be adopted therein. But let that pass. What are the facts? The Lithuanian delegation at the time of the Hymans negotiations, while contending that the Lithuanian language should be the official language throughout the Lithuanian State, agreed that the Polish language might, on the request of the Diet of the Vilna territory, be declared the official language within the limits of the autonomous territory of Vilna. Nothing fairer could reasonably be demanded, and the Lithuanian proposal stands out in marked and favourable contrast to the original Hymans attempt to impose Polish as an official language on the rest of Lithuania, where the Polish element hardly exceeds three per cent. of the population and, moreover, speaks Lithuanian. The

contention that Professor Voldemaras or any other Lithuanian statesman would ever try forcibly to impose Lithuanian on the Vilna population is thus clearly devoid of foundation, and the facts, as stated, fail to bear out Mr. Harley's confident assertion that Professor Voldemaras is afraid lest " free communication " between the two countries should result in the triumph of Polish " culture." At no time during this dispute has the true issue been one of that nature. Lithuanian fears are of a different and more realistic order. They are based upon the melancholy conviction, born of terrible past experience, that Polish promises are not worth the paper on which they are written, and that a literal implementing of our frank and democratic Anglo-Saxon conception of " normal intercourse," without special safeguards and guarantees for the fulfilment of Polish pledges, would be tantamount to national suicide. So long as Poland persists in making recognition of an act of international brigandage a preliminary condition indispensable to what Mr. Harley calls " complete communication and unimpeded commercial relations," and so long as such an attitude is overtly or tacitly backed by the League of Nations, the negotiations are foredoomed to failure. No truly representative Lithuanian Government could be found to barter what is regarded by the Lithuanians as Lithuanian territory in return for the dubious advantages of closer association with a neighbour of such latitudinarian principles that he deems himself entitled to commendation for not yet having given another practical illustration of the Christian virtues of " forbearance and non-resistance " by a repetition of the Zeligowski tactics, to chastise Lithuania for being so " provocative " as to decline to hit him first. Unless both the League and the Powers that control the League are secretly determined to sacrifice Lithuania on the altar of far-reaching designs which they are not prepared openly to avow, they will not lend countenance to the absurd yet dangerous dictum that Lithuania's refusal to contract relations with Poland until certain reasonable pre-requisites are satisfied, constitutes a provocation justifying Poland in recourse to military force in order to exemplify her " love of peace."

The Church and Divorce

By the Rev. Hugh B. Chapman

SOME years ago, in discussing the subject of marriage, Baron Kato, the Japanese Ambassador in this country, who afterwards became Prime Minister in his own, remarked that, however careful the attempts made to idealize the union of the sexes, it must largely remain a dip in the lucky bag. This short article may be regarded as a reverent plea on behalf of those who have lost in a gamble to which all are impelled by nature, irrespective of caste or class, seeing that for the two concerned no more important or far-reaching issue can be conceived. For those who have drawn a lucky number the word "divorce" is taboo until the shoe pinches. They are then suddenly introduced into a complex and painful world in which it is no exaggeration to say that the hell and heaven of the loser are involved. I declare at the outset that many of the most earnest members of the Divorce Law Reform Union are seriously affected by this cause of untold misery, falling not only on the responsible but also on the blameless. The day is past when these can be lightly disregarded, or treated with worse than contempt because they happen to look upon the National Church as, in many cases, superficial, arbitrary and even cruel in her treatment of the broken.

The basic difficulty is that the Sacrament of Marriage was originally intended for converted Christians, and not for a social function. This latter conception of it is the rule to an alarming extent, and for this the Church herself is largely answerable. The expression "Those whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder," begs the question, which wholly depends on the sincerity of those united by the priest or minister. In numberless cases the Deity can have nothing to do with the matter, so long as the bride and bridegroom are not in the very least united in Christ. Where money, position, mere passion, or social consideration is concerned, surely marriage is

spiritually invalid. As the two kneel at the altar, under the most pompous circumstances, or in humble conventicles, none but they know in their hearts whether they are acting a lie, and thus asking for the trouble which follows, in palace or cottage. It appears reasonable that, given the solemnity of the promises made, there should have been due preparation in every instance by the Church whose blessing is invoked, and by her failure in carrying out this she runs a grave risk of becoming *particeps criminis* in the subsequent collapse.

In a notable speech in the House of Lords, the orator in scathing language pointed out how the marriage laws concerning divorce were seemingly confined to faithfulness in regard to the body, which he considered as both carnal and unintelligent. Every wayfaring man knows that far and away more important is the domestic cleavage and the antipathy which too often become unbearable, whereas to ensure their avoidance passes the wit of man and requires nothing short of the grace of God. When such a tragedy occurs, is it believable that a God of boundless compassion, who alone understands the fickleness of human nature and the unequal weakness of the average man in this regard, spite of what euphemists may assert, because they desire it, should condemn a pair to a life of hideous servitude and virtual immorality, where love has ceased, while both may be alike sincere in desiring to retrieve their piety and honour? He would indeed be a shallow critic who suggested that in countries where divorce is unknown the standard of ethics is higher, and it goes without saying that the mistress is an accepted fact. Constant instances amongst ourselves might be quoted where the Sacrament is refused to those whose second marriage, under civic conditions, has proved to be their first, and who have at last found not only happiness, but Christ Himself, followed by a life of fine service to the nation, as well as religion in a decent home. It is interesting to wonder what might have happened in a recent notorious case, which stirred the hearts of millions of women, if the clergyman or the minister where the unfortunate couple lived had taken his part and, after carefully watching the growing discord, had advised divorce, without the inference of any shame, except that

joint life was insupportable, and disaster was bound to occur.

On the writer, who is in holy orders and who has spent fifty years both in the slums and in Bohemia, are imposed a moderation and a sense of discipline to his superiors which no gentleman should disregard. As to the legal aspect of divorce, speaking as a layman I am entirely a disciple of Lord Buckmaster and what he represents, as also of my brother, Mr. Cecil Chapman, late magistrate for Westminster, whose names stand for the highest character. What puzzles me beyond words is how the Royal Commission on the subject, some six years ago under the chairmanship of Lord Gorell, has been treated as though the majority report had never appeared, owing not only to the strength of the ecclesiastical mind, but to the dominion of custom and of a lady for whom I have an inherent revulsion, Mrs. Grundy. If the aforesaid majority report had been honestly set aside, because it was superseded by the Christian sense of the whole community, my innate respect would have kept me silent, however rebellious within. Long experience has led to the discovery that amongst the strongest opponents of divorce are fashionable women of the world, who, in order to save their face, out-Herod Herod on the subject, a protest which is almost repulsive. Every student of psychology also knows that the awe attendant on marriage in church is enormously serviceable through the disillusion of days which follow. He must, however, be a callous self-centred person who, because he happens by good fortune to have found the blue rose, has no pity to spare for those whose high hopes have ended in a perpetual Hades. To limit the cause of offence to one special clause in the bargain made before the priest, viz. "forsaking all other" (which calls in the services of the law, involving high fees, detectives, bogus evidence, and a hideous trail of deceptions), is to the thinking of many of us undesirable, unedifying, and un-English.

What has perplexed us for years is how the Church, which claims the power to forge unbreakable bonds, forgets that the words, "Whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth, shall be bound in heaven," are followed by "Whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth, shall be loosed in

heaven." Thus two people who, having entered on the great adventure of living together for the rest of their natural lives, discover that they have not one morsel of affinity, cannot go to the same Church and claim both the understanding and mercy of a mother, but only find the treatment of the proverbial "step," an expression common among the masses, which is terse, but eloquent. Not that for a single moment the casual character of divorces elsewhere is to be countenanced, but we have ceased to be unduly upset by the mentality of those who are incapable of the remotest notion that "the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." The gestures of Rome on the subject of divorce, which have lately become prominent, purely because of the publicity of those concerned, are so despicable that they hardly warrant mention. Her sole excuse is that she, with the utmost sangfroid, especially in the case of princes or pelf, claims that right of loosing referred to, which, spiritually used, without respect of persons or of cash, might go far to sanctify marriage and raise the morals of any nation.

When we consider the innumerable cases in which the Sacrament of Marriage is daily and constantly blasphemed through years of falsity, due to the innate wandering of the average heart, surely from countless homes arises a bitter cry not only for mercy, but for justice, in order that manacled slaves, after whatever penance is considered desirable, may be freed, not in order to sin, but to be good. If we were to listen with respect to the opinions of our finest doctors, our most intelligent clergy (the two offices are largely germane), and our brightest women, we should be abashed at the unnecessary unhappiness which exists. There is no more painful paradox than the fact that the name of God, Who is Love at its highest, when it comes to the human plane, should be too often made the source of the vilest hypocrisy and even remotely associated with what is often reducible to a sheer question of business and cold-blooded sale. Surely the clergy should have the right to refuse to celebrate such scandalous unions at the Altar. If the present system of marrying continues, the time will arrive, and that shortly, when all the ceremonial in Christendom will cease to appeal and a civil marriage

will become, as elsewhere, the rule, after which the Church will have the right to that kind severity which demands a rigid proof of disinterestedness. It is wholly unfair that they who have undergone the painful process of divorce should be treated to a life sentence of ostracism, not only in villages, but in the larger world, while in the case of the ultra rich and nominally noble, it should be forgotten in a week and be almost considered the sign of a fine independence.

They who have lived both amongst the rich and the poor, though it may appear illogical, are, as a rule, in favour of encouraging amongst the latter, who are in a vast majority, a certain sense of awe-fulness alien and repellent to the educated few. We are thankful that the great mass may be helped to remain faithful, not always through love, but through fear, or, as it ought to be called, terror, because they "had been to Church." For those who know what they are about it is entirely otherwise. It would be by no means regrettable if the day came when people without religion confined themselves to a civil service, and a contract which, by the breach of it on subjective as well as objective grounds, should be cancellable, like other less solemn treaties. Quite the severest problem to the Church is the instance of real marriages in the Lord, where the sin of adultery involving the soul has happened. Here we can imagine an apparent lack of softness on her part for which the person concerned would ultimately be grateful. I trust I have pointed out how the easily maligned Church is at a gross disadvantage, and how a growing number of honest clergy, who not only adore God, but also know human nature, may be falsely earmarked as unworthy of preferment because they happen to be true to themselves, though they may incur thereby the risk of poverty and obscurity.

In regard to what is known as the "innocent party," we are entirely at a loss to grasp the refusal of the Church to celebrate remarriage under the most sacred circumstances. It is a cause for gratitude that the late Edward King, Bishop of Lincoln, one of our greatest saints for many a long day, was in favour of such honour being shown to these unfortunates. Otherwise it is clear that it is open to any scoundrel, on whichever side, to ruin

another with brutal cynicism, and we pray that the Church ere long may see fit to alter her present inflexible rule. I have come across too many distressing instances not to become an advocate of this change on the part of God's ministers. It is easy, however, to recall numberless cases of pious people so entirely devoted to the fiat of a priest that they were willing, through the intelligible grace of exaggerated obedience, to forgo any chance of joy sooner than infringe an accepted fetish based on the traditions of centuries. Our attitude on the point is that of a suppliant who loves the 103rd Psalm with its catholic pity, and, above all, a sacred Name Who, when He came across one convicted of adultery, condemned her accusers by bidding them, if their conscience allowed, to cast the first stone. As for what He would have said in the case of the innocent, it passes our imagination to credit Him with the lack of gentleness often attributed to One Who was the tenderest and most considerate of teachers, being both human and divine.

There is another dilemma worth mentioning, the semi-chivalry of a man who allows himself to be divorced rather than punish the wife who played him false, while he himself is altogether guiltless. On analysis this may be regarded as magnificent, but not war. When it happens that this pucka gentleman becomes a Christian and loves a woman in the Lord, it is she who has to pay the price for the selfish sister, whereas, on such an occasion, she deserves more than the usual reverence. This sacrifice is constantly made, though more amongst quite humble people than in society. Here, again, I would plead that, if this illogical mistake be proven, the Church should pardon the overdoing of one of the finest instincts in a true sahib, allowing him and his new fiancée that happiness and content which come from a full blessing in God's House. I confess to having often been profoundly touched on such occasions by the sportsmanship of the delinquent, but infinitely more by the heroism of the innocent woman.

There is only one other remark to be made, strongly but with deference. I am wholly in accord with the almost unanimous dislike of separation, as compared to divorce, amongst the best magistrates before whom

the question comes. Nothing, in their opinion, is more unsatisfactory and more conducive to immorality, under the spurious connivance of the law itself, for the sake of. respectability, though there is very small chance of restoration to happiness, but more probably of the previous cat and dog existence.

As to the positive conclusion of this article, which has been designedly restrained, it deprecates divorce as the saddest desecration of a sacred sacrament, but, where life together becomes unbearable, it constitutes a prayer that the clerical mind may be more inclined to mercy than to judgment, and that poor, dear human beings, who meant well but lost in what necessarily is a lottery, may be treated as an ordinary parent would treat his child, and not with the harshness of a despot. As regards deliberately non-Christian marriages, not one word of palliation has been suggested, and it is self-evident that, if such license is condoned, coupled with an entire absence of penitence, it must eventually prove the decline of a country.

I would, however, end on a note full of cheer: that when a man or woman cares again, and this time with the whole soul, the very darkness of the past acts as a foil to the silver lining of genuine love, and in many characters the ultimately highest peaks have been attained by those who have faced and sorely suffered through temptation or trial. Thus I trust that these words may wound none, whatever their outlook, but, healing some, brace all to a higher conception of courtship, apart from any respect of persons, and, above all, breathe the atmosphere of both cleanness and hope.

Is South Africa a White Man's Land?

By A. M. Chirgwin

FIFTY years ago, Anthony Trollope, returning from an extended visit to South Africa, summed up his conclusions in the words: "South Africa is a country of black men—and not of white men. It has been so; it is so, and it will be so." That sufficiently emphatic statement is recurring to many minds today, for it is clear that in spite of more than 250 years of white residence in South Africa, the colour-future of the country is still in the balance.

Three centuries ago, when the Bushman and the Hottentot ranged the South African veld without let or hindrance, two streams of invaders began to pour in and dispute their possession. The Bantu tribes, swarming down from the north, advanced in leisurely fashion, either assimilating the aboriginals or driving them farther south. The Europeans, landing at the Cape and thrusting always northwards, came later in point of time, but made up for it by advancing more rapidly. It was inevitable that sooner or later these two advancing streams should meet in open conflict and the struggle for the colour-destiny of South Africa should begin.

The Bushmen presented no obstacle. In the presence of the two superior civilizations they wilted and died. The Hottentots, on the other hand, mingled their blood with that of the white man and became the Eurafricans or "coloured people" of today. They have been assimilated and the half-million of them are now counted with the whites for all industrial and political purposes.

But the Bantu were too vigorous and virile to be either wiped out or assimilated, and too powerful to be hurled back. They preserved their racial integrity; they resisted the white man's advance and disputed his claim to dominance. They multiplied and replenished the earth, and today they outnumber the whites in the

Union of South Africa by three to one. The colour-fate of South Africa has certainly not yet been decided in favour of the European. As far as numbers go, South Africa is far from being a white man's land.

The 1921 census is of more than usual interest in this connection. Mr. C. W. Cousins, the director of the census, drew attention in his report to the fact that after immigration had been allowed for, the Bantu races seemed to be increasing more rapidly than the whites, and he ventured on certain calculations as to the probable proportions of the races in South Africa after the lapse of the next fifty years. He calculated that on the most favourable estimate the European population would number 6,500,000 and the non-European population 16,500,000; while under less favourable conditions the number of Europeans might be less than 4,000,000 and of the non-Europeans 24,000,000. His conclusion was that the next fifty years, and perhaps the next twenty-five, would decide the question "whether the white race is to have any part in the ultimate development of South Africa, or whether it is to be entirely outnumbered and crowded out by the aboriginal population."* Failing accessions from overseas, the white race "must for ever abandon the prospect of maintaining a white civilization except as a proportionately diminishing minority and in the face of an increasing and at last an overwhelming majority. It may then be forced to abandon its domination, or even to abandon the country."

Even when allowance is made for what are undoubtedly exaggerated statements in regard to Bantu fertility, it remains true that the Bantu are increasing with considerable rapidity, especially in the native areas. In Basutoland and Bechuanaland, for example, where the Bantu have room to spread themselves and live their own life, the populations have increased at the rate of 25 per cent. and 22 per cent. respectively during the last ten years—as compared with the 19 per cent. increase of the whites in the Union of South Africa during the same period. By his numbers alone the African is disputing the European claim that South Africa is a white man's land.

* "Report of the South African Census, 1921," page 28.

If the increasing numbers of the Bantu constitute a menace, their increasing capacity is even more challenging. The latter, though not so patent, is the real ground for fear. As the Bantu accommodate themselves to the conditions of white life, their rate of increase will probably slow down and approximate to that of the Europeans, and indeed this is already happening; but their innate ability will develop with equal pace and certainty, and ever closer association with white life will merely speed up the process. They are, in point of fact, becoming every year more capable, and their faculty for imitation enables them to pick up almost anything they see Europeans do. It is precisely because the white man is aware both of this increasing capacity and of what it portends, that he is now trying to build a barrier in the path of this advancing Bantu tide.

In defence of his action he loudly asserts that the Bantu have never made any original contribution to thought or art, to the mechanical or cultural amenities of life; that they have never produced a literature or a religion, a nation or a great leader of men; that all they have done is to copy the white man and adapt themselves to his standards. On this basis he affirms that the Bantu are unfit for anything except to be hewers of wood and drawers of water, and should accordingly be "kept in their place."

Unfortunately for this assertion, scientific investigation and statistical inquiry are accumulating abundant evidence which goes to show that the Bantu failure to secure any notable achievement in the past has been due to age-long cultural isolation and lack of opportunity. It is their condition, not their capacity, their circumstances, not their nature, that have kept them down; present inferiority is no proof of permanent inability. That same careful scientific inquiry has also proved that the Bantu have capacity of no mean order. Mr. Peter Neilson, an authority of some weight, gives it as the result of his investigations that while the Bantu are not equal to Europeans in achievement, they are equal in capacity. "The present difference," he says, "between the Europeans and the native race is one of degree, not of kind, and in the fullness of time achievement will follow the latent

genius with which, as I hold, nature has endowed in equal degree with ourselves, the great Bantu branch of the human family. . . . There is nothing in the mental constitution or in the moral nature of the South African native to warrant his relegation to a place of inferiority."*

The Cape Select Committee on Native Education in 1908 stated that " the belief in the inability of the native to develop at a normal rate beyond a certain stage is not supported by facts, and that any definite assertion as to the capacity or limits of the native mind must at present be regarded as a deduction from insufficient data." The view commonly held in South Africa that because the sutures of the skull close earlier in the native than in the European, the former quickly reaches a point of saturation beyond which he can learn no more, is now quite untenable. Neither the premises nor the conclusion of the syllogism will stand investigation. The bare truth is that the Bantu are displaying such capacity that the white man is becoming uneasy about the future. He feels that his own position is endangered and that if the Bantu continue to increase at the present rate, both in numbers and in ability, South Africa will before long become a black man's country.

Already the Bantu have the field of unskilled labour to themselves. It is they who do all the heavy work in the mines and on the farms, on the railways and at the docks; they build the roads and lay the sewers; they cart the bricks and deliver the coals; they tend the cattle and do the housework; they wash the dishes and clean the boots; they collect the refuse and deliver the groceries and the meat. Manual labour is their preserve, and the white man in South Africa must be either above or below the unskilled labourer. If he has neither the capital nor the ability to be an employer or a skilled worker, he must become a loafer and an unemployable. It is a part of the evil heritage of slavery. More than two centuries ago, Van Imhoff, a South African Dutchman, affirmed: " I believe it would have been far better had we, when this colony was founded, commenced with Europeans and brought them hither in such numbers that hunger and

* " The Black Man's Place in South Africa," pp. 109 and 131.

want would have forced them to work. But having imported slaves, every common or ordinary European becomes a gentleman and prefers to be served than to serve. . . . They consider it a shame to work with their own hands."

Perhaps as much as any other single fact this is the root cause of South Africa's troubles. The whole country is infected by this spirit. All manual labour is contemptuously regarded as "Kaffir's work"; the white man is consequently disinclined to do anything that is usually done by the native, and there has arisen a class of "poor whites," untrained in skilled work and unwilling to do unskilled or Kaffir work. In every community, whatever its colour, there are bound to be some men who are not fitted to be either employers or skilled workers; these normally become manual labourers, but the contempt with which manual toil is regarded in South Africa makes it impossible for them to become common labourers and forces them into the ranks of the submerged or poor whites. It was estimated in 1922 that one-twelfth of the white population of the Union of South Africa belonged to this class.

A large section of the European population is thus deteriorating, and its capacity to resist the rising tide of African efficiency is growing less. Taken as a whole, the "poor whites" are improvident, incompetent, and helpless. Physically, industrially, and morally they are sinking, and their children are said to include an alarming percentage of mental defectives. Gravitating to the slums where poverty breaks down all inhibitions and where race-pride vanishes, they are beginning to mingle their blood with that of the native and coloured peoples. In England such men can dig and fetch and carry, and perhaps by dint of hard work and careful saving some can set up as master-men and even pass into the employing class. But in South Africa the white man does not dig or fetch or carry, and no white man need think that he can begin at the bottom of the industrial ladder and slowly climb upwards. For the white man the industrial ladder in South Africa has no bottom rungs, and he is therefore precluded from the possibility of climbing; while for the native African the ladder has no top rungs,

and he is prevented from climbing beyond a certain point. For the one, the ladder has no bottom and for the other no top; for the one the first half of the road to advancement is closed, for the other the second half; for neither is there an industrial thoroughfare.

It is easy to see that such an arrangement lacks the elements of stability. No social or industrial life can be either satisfying or permanent that turns what should be a thoroughfare into a cul-de-sac. On the one hand the white man who lacks capital or skill, but has muscle and ambition, finds the entrance to the road blocked against him; he must start at the stage of the skilled man or the employer or he must not start at all. On the other hand the native African can get his feet upon the road, but finds that half way along an impassable barrier is built. Whatever his ability or ambition, he cannot advance to the stage of the skilled man or employer. Neither the white man nor the black who has a desire to get on, and is willing to begin at the bottom and work his way to the top, has the opportunity of doing so. Thus to cramp the chances of the ambitious men of both races is bound to make for friction and unrest. The road to advancement must be open to white and black alike if there is to be social equilibrium; at present it is fully open to neither; there is no industrial thoroughfare.

It was expected that the handing over of all unskilled labour to the African would enable the white man to retain the field of skilled labour as his preserve. But the contrary has been the case. Indeed, the white man is finding it more and more difficult to maintain his monopoly of the skilled operations. This is due not merely to the ambition of the African and his increasing capacity, but even more to the operation of economic causes. The white man's standard of life makes it essential that he should receive a wage many times as large as that of the native African. Not otherwise could he either maintain his industrial efficiency or keep his place in the social life. This very inability or refusal of the white man to take lower wages is slowly squeezing him out of the sphere of semi-skilled toil. Employers are finding it increasingly difficult to pay the white man's wage. Sheer economic pressure is making it necessary for them either to use

machinery or to dilute white labour with black. Nowhere is this more true than in gold-mining—South Africa's premier industry. The low-grade gold mines are finding it almost impossible to carry their present proportion of white skilled workers. Yet so strongly do the white men oppose the opening of skilled employment to natives that the attempt to do so five years ago almost led to civil war; while the Colour Bar Act of 1926 has made it a statutory impossibility to employ native Africans on skilled tasks.

Whether this Act can ever be really operative is open to question; what is not open to question is that its very enactment shows that the white man believes that he is in danger of being pushed out of skilled, as well as unskilled, employment. Because of their numbers and their lower standard of life the blacks can underlive the whites, and if black and white are exposed to precisely the same economic conditions, it may be only a matter of time before the white man will have been ousted. Accordingly the white man has banged and bolted the door in the face of the advancing African and written up in flaming letters, "Thus far and no farther." The Colour Bar Act and the other native-affairs Bills adumbrated by General Hertzog show the white man on the defensive and even fighting for his life.

The attempts that have been made from time to time to put the poor and unemployed whites on to manual toil, such as railway construction or road-building, have proved so costly that it is clear no solution of the problem lies that way. The slow process of white attrition would seem to have begun, and decay must quicken as the years pass, unless drastic steps are taken at once. The unskilled work of all South Africa is in the hands of the African; practically the whole of the semi-skilled work has fallen to him; and more and more of the skilled work is likely to become his heritage as well.

Whether the white man likes it or not, the African is getting education, and those who urge that it should be stopped are crying for the moon. Education, they say, is spoiling the native. If by education is meant not merely book-learning, but also the education of contact, everyone must agree. As soon as black and white come into touch

with one another, the former's education begins. He watches and listens, and soon he begins to pick up the white man's language, his skill and his wisdom. When he is drawn away from his kraal life to the great industrial centres with their compounds and native locations, his "education" proceeds apace. He learns the white man's vices as well as some of his virtues. Through watching and imitating he develops a certain technical skill, and it is but natural that many of the semi-skilled operations should pass into his hands. Probably this process will go on until all the semi-skilled work of South Africa becomes the preserve of the native African. Many acute observers think that the economic pressure and the increasing competition are such that it is now too late to alter this, for the tide has risen and white industrialists are no more able than King Canute to thrust it back again.

In all probability the tide will continue to rise. The door of education is open before the native African. Municipalities and missionary societies, public and private bodies, are engaged in giving to the African education that is mental as well as manual. It is doubtless adapted to native needs and meant to fit the African for life in his own country and among his own people; it is intended to make him not a poor imitation of a European, but a good citizen of Africa. But this very awakening of the mind is the significant thing. There are schools of every grade now open to the African, ranging from the most primitive village school to the Fort Hare Native College where the student can take the degree of the Cape University. All the necessary rungs in the educational ladder for the Bantu are present now—village school, town school, boarding school, training and industrial institution, college, and South African Native University. The Bantu has the capacity for white civilization, and by these educational means he is acquiring more and more of the white man's social and cultural inheritance.

This educational provision, which is made under the auspices of the Government, has come not only to stay but to grow. No people that has put its foot upon the educational ladder can be stopped half way. The moral is that the African will be knocking more and more

insistently upon the door of skilled and technical employment in the future. It is useless to tell the educated native to return to his kraal. He cannot. He has no fitness for that life. His contact with the white man is making him a rival in those fields which the white man thinks peculiarly his own.

To this admitted and increasing native capacity must now be added native aspiration. No people's mind can be opened by education without evoking hopes and stirring aspirations. The African is consequently becoming race-conscious; he is organizing labour unions by means of which he hopes to improve his industrial status; he is claiming his rights and demands that his people shall have a place in the sun. "Africa for the Africans" is his cry. Here, as in other cases, it is clearly impossible to set bounds to the march of a race.

The fact is that the white man in South Africa is afraid. "Maybe we are afraid," said General Hertzog to the Government Native Conference in Pretoria on December 3, 1925, "and it may be that our policy is dictated by fear; be it so, but our fear is wisdom, for what we fear is a bad future." The Europeans fear that if equal rights are granted to all civilized men irrespective of colour, they will be swamped in every walk of life—swamped politically, if the vote is given to the African on the same terms as to the European; swamped industrially, if the skilled employments and the trade unions are opened to black and white without distinction; swamped socially, if the native African is not confined to the location and to his present inferior position; swamped culturally, if they allow their civilization to be dragged down by Bantu influences. It is this haunting fear that led not only to the refusal to extend the vote to all South African natives, but also to the determination to take it away from those who have it today; it was this fear that gave birth to the Colour Bar Act, the irritating Pass system and the "parallel institutions" proposals of the present Government.

The white man sees around him the black race increasing in numbers and in capacity. South Africa, he says, is a white man's country. White dominance must be upheld at all costs and white civilization preserved.

The natives must therefore be kept in subservience, the roads to advancement must be closed. G. S. Millin* sums up the situation thus :—

Here, then, is the impasse. The white man has awakened the native, and like a dream the old savage life is ended. He has been called. He has arisen. He is on the road—travelling in the shadow of the white man, carrying his chattels.

The white man looks round at this being he has himself aroused, who is following him; who is serving him; who is dependent on him; for whom, on the journey, he must provide. And he thinks how useful it is that someone else's back shall be bowed under his burden, while he is free to exult in the air and sun of Africa.

The native follows patiently. Now it is time to take food; the white man throws the native a scrap. They go on again. The native is useful to the white man, but also he makes demand on the white man's resources. The master begins to wonder, a little resentfully, if he would not, on the whole, have been happier without this servant.

The journey is an arduous one. The white man opens up again his bundle of food, and thinks that really he cannot afford to give any more away, that he needs it all himself. He begins to be resentfully conscious of this creature who makes demands on him. If only he could shake him off, he mutters to himself. He begins to feel that he is being dogged. He begins to suspect that the native isn't keeping a decent distance. He begins to distrust him, to fear him. The native, he knows, is not getting enough to eat. What if he were suddenly to take it into his head to spring upon him and rob him of his means of subsistence, and run away ahead of him and leave him there to starve?

How can he get rid of the native? How can he get rid of him?

He begins to make suggestions to the native that he should retrace his steps, should return home to his beginnings.

"Look here," he says, "this journey of ours has been a mistake. You and I can't do it together."

"It is hard for both of us," admits the native.

"You'd better leave me," says the white man. "You'd better go back home."

"Go back," says the native. "Home? . . . But the road has fallen in behind us, and my home is broken up. How can I go home now?"

"You are taking the bread out of my mouth," protests the white man.

"But I am carrying your load."

"I could have carried it myself. It would have been better."

"Then why did you call me?"

They face one another, unable to move forward, unable to move back.

"And I wish to God I had never called you," mutters the white man.

The European is clearly ill at ease; he is on the defensive, and is trying to keep the Bantu down and out,

* "The South Africans," p. 256.

blinding himself to the fact that it is impossible long to hold back a vigorous and virile people. His attempt at repression is creating a seething ferment of unrest beneath the surface of South African life, and to persevere with the attempt is like trying to cork up a volcano. Unless saner counsels prevail, the time will come when the volcano will boil over in destruction and wrath. The native African is asking whether a white aristocracy can indefinitely control and deny political rights to a coloured proletariat which has a vast numerical preponderance, which is rapidly increasing in economic capacity, and endangering the white man's industrial position. Whether South Africa can be called a nation when 75 per cent. of its people are excluded from political power and economic opportunity? Whether its claim to nationhood can be made good when three-quarters of the population are submerged and a quarter privileged? Whether any national harmony or social health can be attained when the industrial ladder has for the European no bottom and for the African no top? South Africa's nationhood waits upon her solution of her colour problem.

The policy of repression is unthinkable as a solution; no sane man now advocates it. The policy of segregation at present holds the field, but it would seem in actual practice to fail of its purpose, for it does not prevent the black man from pressing into what the white man holds to be his preserves. It may be that a new *modus vivendi* will have to be sought for, one that is founded upon the intrinsic value of human personality.

Aircraft in the War

By Lt.-Col. W. Lockwood Marsh

It is six years since the untimely death of Sir Walter Raleigh broke the continuity of the third great official history of the war. The choice of a successor for the second volume* was not easy—the late Dr. D. G. Hogarth, who was appointed, having resigned the task—and the mantle has finally fallen on the chief of the Air Historical Branch of the Committee of Imperial Defence, whose duty it originally was merely to direct the research for the history. This choice has ensured at any rate a continuation of the method adopted by Sir Walter Raleigh, by which, in the words of the preface, "the air story is superimposed on a framework of the naval and military operations." Mr. Jones further claims that "those who knew Sir Walter best may find many traces of his influence throughout this book." This is undoubtedly so, though whether it is altogether a benefit may be doubted. Those who knew Raleigh's other writings were, probably without exception, ardent admirers of his delightful style, so redolent of the sense of fun that was his most striking characteristic in conversation. There was little room for this quality in an official history, and there are signs in his letters that he was, perhaps for the first time in his life, overawed by the responsibility of the task before him. Possibly as a result of this, he became almost obsessed with the romantic side of the story, and the volume from his pen suffered in consequence from a certain lack of balance and a tendency to give undue prominence to some of the more picturesque personalities in the flying services. This defect is no less marked in the present book, and one cannot help feeling that certain officers have achieved a position in its pages due more to the forcefulness of their personal qualities than to the true importance of their part in the operations. One feels that Mr. Jones has, like Raleigh, rather been led away in some instances by the charm of "those officers who have talked to him of the events in which they played a part." It is at any rate the fact that a number of purely minor operations are dealt with in a detail that

* "The War in the Air." Vol. II. By H. A. Jones. Clarendon Press. 17s. 6d.

one could wish used in other spheres. Attractive though the personal narrative undoubtedly is, unless it were possible to draw upon it in all cases it would have been wiser to limit the whole story to accounts of a more strictly official character.

It was an inevitable result of the selection of Raleigh that the first history of air warfare should be of a new sort, different from all official naval and military histories. These have always been written from the service point of view, dealing technically with the strategic and tactical aspects of the campaigns as a foundation for the studies of future officers, the more dramatic and human aspects being left to the books of individuals. This is well illustrated by the contrast between the official British history of the Russo-Japanese War and, for instance, Sir Ian Hamilton's no less informative, but quite different, "Staff Officers' Scrapbook."

Owing to the policy adopted, "The War in the Air" was started, and Mr. Jones has perforce maintained the tradition, as a history on much more popular lines for a wider public. Its value to the expert is in consequence very much reduced, for, in a desire to avoid wearying the general reader, technicalities are avoided or treated in so cursory a manner as to become almost incomprehensible. A case in point is the account of the introduction of the "synchronizing gear." This device, which was introduced by the Germans in the famous Fokker monoplane and secured its immediate ascendancy over Allied fighting machines, permitted the fitting of a machine-gun to fire forwards through the propeller blades. The Fokker gear, and all those employed in British machines during the period covered by this volume, were positive in action—that is to say, the gun was actually fired by the mechanism at a moment when neither blade of the propeller was crossing the muzzle. The "interrupter gear," properly so-called—in which the gun was fired by the pilot's trigger, the mechanism merely interrupting the action when a propeller-blade was in the way—was an introduction of a much later date. Although Mr. Jones refers to "the so-called interrupter gears," and rightly points out that the early British gears were of the synchronizing type, the page on which they are dealt with

is headed "Interrupter Gears," and the Fokker device is in a footnote so described. It would have been much better to reserve this term for the later gears, which would be properly so described, and use nothing but the correct expression for the Fokker and early British mechanisms. The introduction of the wrong term, which only causes confusion, is a concession to the fact that it caught on during the war as a popular phrase through a misconception of the precise function of the device.

The period here dealt with is the most interesting of the whole of the war. Except for the methods of defence against raids on this country as finally evolved, it saw the beginning and, in most cases, the development to fruition of practically every aspect of air warfare, from the introduction of formation-flying for fighting aeroplanes to the hammering out of a satisfactory system of liaison with the artillery.

An example of the reactions the introduction of aeroplanes had on the conduct of war on the ground is afforded by the story of the origin of the squared map, an assistance to identification of points so apparently obvious, and now so familiar, that it is difficult to recall the days when one used to be referred to an objective as, for instance, "under the 'P' in Compiègne." The system of drawing lettered and numbered squares on the map was originated by Lieutenant D. S. Lewis, of the Royal Flying Corps, as a purely personal aid to his own "shoot," the squares being laboriously drawn in ink on two maps for his and the battery commander's use. He showed this map to Major (now Sir Geoffrey) Salmond, who took it to Major E. M. Jack, then in charge of the topographical section at G.H.Q. The latter at once took the matter up, with the result that long before the end of the war this method of "pin-pointing" objects had become universal throughout the British and, I believe, Allied armies. The same officer, a pioneer in wireless communication from aircraft, was also the first to try the clock-code method of spotting for the artillery, which had been suggested by Captain B. T. James. These two, with Lieutenant Winfield Smith, had formed the original wireless flight of No. 4 Squadron, from which all aeroplane

wireless communication emanated and were jointly almost entirely reponsible for the very successful methods of co-operation with artillery that were gradually developed. It was, however, No. 1 Squadron that evolved the "zone call" system, by which to each battery was allotted the engagement of "fleeting"—not "sudden" as Mr. Jones calls them—targets appearing within a particular area. Under this system the aeroplane, instead of calling up its own battery, would broadcast a call simply giving the "zone" in which the target lay, so that without loss of time the appropriate battery could get on to it before it disappeared.

This volume covers roughly the years 1915 and 1916, and the Dardanelles campaign, the Somme battles, the Battle of Jutland, and events in home waters are dealt with. There are indications that the records of the naval side of the story have not been, for some reason or other, so widely drawn on as those of the R.F.C., and the accounts of the Naval Air Service activities are neither so detailed nor, in some cases, so accurate as those of the air operations with the land forces. Reliance seems to have been placed much more extensively on the personal narratives already referred to.

The early development of the kite-balloon service hardly receives adequate notice, insufficient credit being given to the Navy for its readiness to co-operate with the Army by lending naval kite-balloon sections to the Expeditionary Force in France until Army personnel could be trained at the R.N.A.S. training station at Roehampton. The first three "Army" kite-balloon sections were all manned by naval personnel, and were in fact Nos. 2, 4, and 6 R.N.A.S. kite-balloon sections; No. 8—also trained and equipped at Roehampton—being the first to have military personnel. The principle followed was for sections, as they were ready, to be allocated alternately to naval and military work, so that the odd numbers were naval and the even B.E.F. sections. This generous action on behalf of the naval airship and kite-balloon service is not brought out, and for some reason the names of the commanding officers of kite-balloon sections are not given, though in the case of R.F.C. aeroplane squadrons they are always mentioned.

A large part of the work of the Naval Air Service kite-balloon staff was the training of personnel and supplying stores for Army sections, which certainly does not appear from the narrative.

Mr. Jones refers to the short visit of "S.S. 40," a specially prepared airship—officered, by the way, by Flight Lieutenant Chambers and Flight Sub-Lieutenant Goddard—to France during the summer of 1916. He treats this as an experiment in night reconnaissance, but, though four such flights were made, surely the original intention was to employ this airship for dropping spies behind the German lines. That, at any rate, was the impression at the Admiralty at the time, and was the reason for her being fitted with a specially silenced engine and a black envelope to enable her to cross the lines unobserved at night. The feat of building so small an airship to reach a height of 8,000 ft.—she actually reached 10,000 ft. on a trial flight at Polegate before going abroad—was a remarkable technical achievement, which scarcely receives sufficient credit.

It is interesting to follow the gradual evolution of plans for the tactical and strategical use of aeroplanes. The question how far the organization which was finally settled upon and worked so well in trench warfare would fit in with a war fought under more mobile conditions must have since proved an attractive subject for study by the Air Force Staff College. During the war squadrons were first grouped into wings and, later, wings into brigades. Whether some such organization might not have to be revived, if occasion should arise for sending an expeditionary force abroad, is a matter for speculation, though it seems more than probable that it would. Under peace conditions the Royal Air Force is administered in "areas" and "groups," distributed territorially throughout the country—much on the same system as the Army "commands"—but there is no sign of an organization analogous to the military grouping into brigades and divisions.

The great reorganization of the Flying Corps in the field, which stood the test of practical trial and remained substantially unaltered till the end of the war, took place in January 1916. The difference between the needs of corps and army commanders then became recognized

and met. On January 30, 1916, two brigades were formed, under General Ashmore and General Higgins respectively, one being allotted to each army. The third brigade, under General J. M. Salmond, was formed later, on February 10. Within each brigade were "corps" and "army" wings, the first being responsible for close reconnaissance, photography, and artillery co-operation on the immediate corps front, while the latter carried out reconnaissance work and made longer-distance raids farther afield on the whole army front. One wing—No. 9—was detached for special strategical reconnaissance and patrol work under the immediate orders of G.H.Q. At this period squadrons were still charged with a multiplicity of duties and had not been formed into homogeneous units equipped with one type of machine, each devoted to the special duties of reconnaissance, bombing or fighting. Sir David Henderson appears to have been anxious to group fighting machines into special squadrons as early as April 1915, but gave way, as the view in the wings was strongly opposed to it. As in so many other matters, he proved subsequently to be right and the inevitable reform was made, but not until much later.

It was not until April 1916 that, largely as a result of the French experiences in the early weeks of the Battle of Verdun, it was decided to form definite fighting squadrons homogeneously equipped with single-seater "scout" aeroplanes allocated to the army wings, who were thus charged with the protection of the corps reconnaissance and artillery squadrons, as well as with the new "strategic offensive" of seeking the enemy's machines out within their own territory instead of patrolling the lines and waiting for them there. The change was completed, and the new policy in full working order, by the middle of August 1916, six weeks after the opening of the first Battle of the Somme. About the same time appeared the new German *Jagdstaffeln* (pursuit squadrons), commonly known as "circuses."

These squadrons, under such leaders as Boelcke and von Richthofen, succeeded in establishing, for the second time, a fighting superiority over the British pilots and machines. The first occasion of German supremacy was in the autumn of 1915, when the Fokker monoplane, with

its forward-firing machine-gun, swept the sky—the hero of this era being Lieutenant Max Immelmann. Fine pilot though he was, and author of the "hit or miss" method of attack by a long, steep dive from above and then away to a fresh quarry, if unsuccessful, the credit for originating the famous "Immelmann turn" is wrongly given to him. This most useful manœuvre was actually discovered accidentally by the late Gordon Bell, who, failing to surmount the top half of a loop, "half-rolled" over from the upside down position at the top and found himself flying normally in the opposite direction and at a higher level than that in which he had started. This being at the time of Immelmann's maximum repute, the manœuvre was given his name as being worthy of his exploits, but, though he may have adopted it from some British pilot, he did not originate it.

The reply to the Fokker had been the F.E.2 and D.H.2 aeroplanes, whose superiority was driven home by the appearance of the overwhelming ascendancy of the French Nieuport scout. On this Ball made his name, and it showed a performance in speed and climb far outdistancing all contemporary machines. Boelcke and his fellow "circus" leaders owed their later supremacy to the policy of forming squadrons manned by picked officers of proved fighting efficiency mounted on Halberstadt and Albatros D scouts of performance equal to, or better than, the Nieuport. But this new menace was soon overcome, partly through the appearance of the Sopwith "Pup" and triplane, and for the rest of the war the British gradually attained a more and more complete ascendancy, to which the "strategic offensive" policy mainly contributed.

There is little space to deal with the story of the activities of the Naval Air Service as set forth by Mr. Jones. The Dardanelles campaign saw the introduction of two new air weapons. The kite-balloon operating from the *Manica* increased the efficacy of *Queen Elizabeth's* guns by at least 50 per cent., as it provided what was in effect an advanced observation post by enabling the gunnery officer to "see" the fall of his shot on the waters the other side of the peninsula. The other novelty was the torpedo-carrying seaplane operating from the carrier

Ben-my-chree. On August 12, 1915, Flight-Commander Edmonds made history by launching the first torpedo from the air in war. It struck and blew up its target, though it subsequently came out that this was already a "dead bird," being the wreck of a steamer beached and abandoned after a torpedo attack by the submarine E.14 four days earlier.

The remainder of the naval air story during the period is mainly one of adventures sought by the R.N.A.S. pilots chafing at the inactivity forced upon them by the failure of the Lords of the Admiralty to appreciate the uses of aircraft in naval warfare. The Naval Air Service operations were almost entirely confined to such "stunts" —of the greatest utility and value, but strictly speaking hardly appertaining to naval warfare—such as bomb attacks on the Zeppelin sheds in Belgium and at Tondern. Typical of these "side shows," both in its inception and its end, was the formation, in the spring of 1916, of the Luxeuil Bombing Wing, R.N.A.S. Wing No. 3, which was intended to attack German munition centres—a military operation, if ever there was one. Before, however, it could begin an urgent request came from the R.F.C. in the field for reinforcements to remedy a serious shortage of machines at the front. With characteristic generosity the R.N.A.S. promptly abandoned their project and handed over the assembled machines to the Flying Corps. During 1916 the programme of airship anti-submarine patrols from stations more or less equally spaced round the coast began to take shape, but this development did not begin to reach its height and prove its utility until 1917, after Mr. Jones's present narrative closes.

It has been impossible to deal with more than a fraction of many interesting events since, at any rate on the military side, the volume covers the period when, by a process of trial and error, a technique of the correct tactical and strategical employment of aeroplanes was gradually achieved. One would like to see a companion book confined entirely to the story of the development of the R.F.C. from this point of view, showing how changes in policy affected the design of machines and, in some cases, *vice versa*. Such details can only be picked out with some difficulty from the present book, although to those really interested they are absorbing.

The Soul of American Prohibition

By Robert C. Flack

THE soul of American prohibition is belief, belief in a religion, a philosophy, an attitude towards life, which the more educated and thoughtful citizens of the modern world have long since rejected.

To comprehend that belief it is first necessary to understand what manner of man constitutes your true prohibitionist. He is a provincial in the fullest sense of the word, mentally and morally, if not physically, a dweller in small towns, in villages, in isolated hamlets and on solitary farms. He predominates in the rural sections of the country, the Middle West, the South, the interior of New England and the Middle Atlantic States; he can be found, torn from his original background, but still surrounded by his element, like a fish in an aquarium, in the heart of New York or Chicago or San Francisco. His education has almost invariably been sectarian, bigoted. He is uniformly a member of one of the evangelical churches, Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian. He may or may not be rich, happily married, fortunately placed in the world; he has surely, in either case, been brought up to look upon life as something awful, terrifying, too incomprehensible, too fearfully potent, to be bravely faced. He has been taught that his only salvation lies in escape from this world, from its flesh, from its sins, to a vaguely, inanely beautiful future existence in which the wine of life has been diluted to grapejuice.

He believes in his church, its creed, its outworn theology. He believes in a God, an extraordinarily vengeful, yet merciful creature, a curiously impotent, yet omnipotent being; he believes—which is more important—in a personal devil with horns, pitchfork and hellfire, who, were

it not for the frequent and timely intervention of an equally personal and slightly more powerful God, would surely damn him to all eternity. He is, in other words, still living in the seventeenth century, in the Commonwealth, in a Puritan tradition which has lost the vigour, the fortitude, of its inception, of its heroic beginnings.

How does all this affect his views on prohibition? He has been brought up, in the first place, to look upon the drinking of an alcoholic beverage as wrong, morally wrong, scarcely more to be condoned than murder or adultery, far less than the trickery which is the basis of much modern commercial success. This conception of the moral depravity of drinking has its roots, I suppose, in the Puritan blue laws, in the monastic ideal of the Middle Ages, in the theories of all violent and fanatical reformers from Savonarola back to Augustine and beyond. It is, whatever its source, at the present time fundamental, because it explains the prohibitionist's absolute disregard of what constitutes a physically harmful beverage. He doesn't in the least care whether 2·75 per cent. beer is perfectly innocuous; its physical effect is entirely beside the point. What concerns him is the morality, the immorality rather, of drinking at all; in his view, it is equally wrong to drink gin, which may contain 90 per cent. alcohol, and to drink beer, which may contain only 2·75 per cent. alcohol. It is a question of morality, and the degree of sin, the percentage of alcohol, simply does not enter.

An extraordinarily narrow, fanatical view? Yes, but perfectly consistent with the prohibitionist's whole background, his training and his philosophy. He has been taught that the pleasures of the flesh are of the devil; that to enjoy them, especially to enjoy them openly, is to tread the primrose path. In the majority of cases the prohibitionist has tasted of the pleasures, the indulgences, which he condemns, but he has tasted clandestinely and utterly without moderation, overcome the while by a profound sense of the enormity of his offence. It is not surprising, under the circumstances, that he does not look back upon his experience with any great enjoyment, especially as he probably drank bad liquor and was made ill by it. A burnt child, he dreads the fire, forswears it. The next step follows naturally from the very essence of human nature.

Being afraid himself to enjoy alcoholic beverages, he develops an invincible determination that no one else shall enjoy what he, through his own cowardice, may not. Toleration is as foreign to his training, his character, as moderation. The idea of letting anyone else enjoy something he dares not never even occurs to him. What he can't have, no one shall.

But this is the justification of the dog in the manger, you will say; how can it be reconciled with the statement that belief, belief in the depravity of drinking, is the basic cause of prohibition? That is not so easily answered, because it involves estimating the sincerity of a vast number of people. I really have faith, however, that the great majority of the prohibitionists do sincerely believe in the immorality of drinking; I have faith that this belief is the primary reason for their violent opposition to liquors, but that the other motive, the dog in the manger impulse, strengthens their conviction immeasurably, acts as a sort of Freudian suppressed desire subconsciously to confirm their reasoned antagonism to alcohol. They are, nevertheless, sincere, as much as anyone in this world can be said to be when so little is as yet understood about the working of the human mind.

There are, of course, among the supporters of prohibition some who are not primarily influenced by the beliefs which I have explained. A certain rather small percentage might be described as the materialists of the movement, those who condemn drinking because they regard it as physically harmful and sociologically unfortunate. They are not true prohibitionists, however, in the fullest sense of the word; they are usually firmly opposed to the saloons and to strong liquors, but quite willing to allow beer and light wines under some sort of Governmental supervision, as perhaps in Quebec. There are also, as in every movement, a certain number who support prohibition for what they can get out of it themselves; many of the officials of the formal prohibition organisations, for instance, are vehement advocates merely because they are paid to be. It might here be mentioned that the repeal of the Volstead law would be as bitterly opposed by the bootleggers, for obvious reasons, as by anyone. Fundamentally, however, my thesis holds good: the

strength of the prohibition cause lies in its narrow, bigoted, painfully sincere supporters, who believe firmly that the drinking of alcoholic beverages is profoundly immoral.

When once this fact is grasped, certain aspects and results of prohibition as it has been worked out in America become more comprehensible. It is easier to understand the extraordinary lengths to which some of the agents of the organizations responsible for the enacting and the enforcement of prohibition are willing to go. The rights of the individual, the very principles which are supposed to be the foundations of English and American polity, the freedom of the home from arbitrary search, free speech, the right to a free and untrammelled opinion, have apparently lost all claim to respect. Carried away by the strength of their frenzied conviction that alcohol is a work of the devil, the prohibitionists have not hesitated to disregard utterly these most elementary rights of the individual. They have turned themselves into spies, informers, *agents provocateurs*, in order to discover their fellow citizens in the act of breaking the prohibition law, to bear witness against them and to see them convicted. The situation is strikingly similar to that of ecclesiastical affairs in Spain during the sixteenth century. The prohibitionists are willing, exactly as were the inquisitors, to commit almost any crime that they may enforce to the letter one solitary law. There is the same Jesuitical disregard of means, the same concentration on the end in view. They are simply showing what is, as it has always been, a common characteristic of fanaticism throughout recorded history.

With the seizure of stocks of liquor on the foreign steamships which entered American harbours the international aspect of prohibition received, especially in England, a great deal of attention. The curious state of affairs which caused that attention may best be understood by remembering that belief, belief in the narrow and impoverished creed which declares the drinking of alcohol to be immoral, is the primary *raison d'être*, the soul of the prohibition movement. First, however, the attitude of the average prohibitionist, the type of American who is a prohibitionist most easily and naturally, toward Europe in

general, quite apart from the specific question of prohibition, must be explained. This is a difficult and complicated matter, and I cannot hope to do more than make its barest outlines clear.

I have already said that the true prohibitionist is a provincial, usually a dweller in the interior of America, a man of scanty and bigoted education, without the knowledge of history or the experience of travel to extend his horizon beyond his own immediate surroundings. He has from his childhood regarded Europe as distant, as incomprehensible, and therefore as highly suspicious, as almost certainly immoral. It is a common failing of human nature that what a man, especially an ignorant man, cannot understand he instinctively distrusts. The prohibitionist is no exception to the rule. He regards Europe much as the conventional type of countryman, the peasant living in a remote and isolated district, regards London. Knowing nothing about it, he considers it a cauldron of evil, of strange and unlimited opportunities for the more sophisticated of men to prey on the simpler, more credulous of their fellows. In the case of the American, moreover, the feeling is partly a heritage from the days when his ancestors had a lively and fully justified fear that some of the European nations might think it worth their while to crush the young and weak Republic of the West. He considers that they didn't, not because they didn't want to, but because by the time they had decided to make the attempt they no longer possessed the necessary physical superiority. If he happens to know anything about modern history—which is very unlikely—he remembers England's attitude in the Civil War and France's *rôle* in Mexico during the same period, and assures himself that he owes no debt of gratitude to Europe.

This instinctive suspicion of the Old World, due mainly to ignorance, was enormously increased by the war. This is a delicate question, I know, which has already caused more than enough ill-feeling on both sides of the Atlantic. It is necessary, nevertheless, to mention it if I am to make clear the attitude of the average uneducated American toward Europe. He is convinced that America, both during the war and at the peaee conference

which followed, was done, badly done, by the foreign diplomats and statesmen. He fails absolutely to see that America got anything in return for her casualties, which were few in comparison to those of the European nations, but still considerable, and for the enormous amount of American money which was lent—or was it given, he wonders? to the Allies. Even the funding of the British debt, which Englishmen in general regard as a rather hard bargain on the part of Uncle Sam, he considers an extraordinarily clever stroke of European diplomacy, whereby the United States was induced to accept less interest on a very large part of her foreign war debt than she has to pay on a considerable portion of her internal indebtedness. I must in fairness say that the better educated, the more broad-minded of my countrymen, do not hold this opinion at all; the majority of them, in fact, would have preferred to see the sums owed us by our European Allies, at least in large part, cancelled. When the nation as a whole is considered, however, those who hold that view are an insignificant minority.

To the average American's inborn distrust of Europe, which was in his mind only confirmed and augmented by the war, now was added the moral "uplift," the potent urge, of a great crusade against alcohol, that supreme work of the devil. Was it surprising that the prohibitionist, with his scanty knowledge, his bleak background, his starved understanding, paid no respect to the amenities of international negotiation, to the established customs of diplomatic procedure? He merely followed in his dealing with foreign nations the same sharp policy, he obeyed the same hard and narrow code, which he had pursued and conformed to in his struggle with the liquor interests in his own country. Indeed, he regarded all foreign nations, subconsciously perhaps, as enormous distilling and brewing establishments whose principal function was the manufacture and sale of alcoholic stimulants to those of his own countrymen who would not obey a law which seemed to them absurd. With this conception of the foreign nations as liquor interests on a huge scale in his mind, he did not hesitate to take advantage of every last shred of power which the law gave him; he was utterly unwilling to refrain from using every possible

measure, however useless and irritating, which the law allowed; he was determined to have his pound of flesh down to the last fraction of an ounce. The law apparently permitted him to seize the stores of alcoholic beverages on foreign ships which entered his harbours, though the established custom of international procedure was all against such action. So long as the law made this possible, nothing could deter your true prohibitionist from executing his seizures complete to the last futile and humiliating detail.

The fact that his conduct made his country first laughed at, then hated, all over the world had no influence whatever on him. His whole horizon was absorbed, was dominated by his effort to deprive other people of an indulgence which he regarded as immoral. He had neither the time nor the understanding to comprehend the importance of the international aspect of the question, the necessity of not alienating all Europe from us more than it already was. Everything was as nothing in comparison with his single aim, his solitary interest. The prohibitionist was and is the world's most perfect example of a man with a single track mind.

The Englishman doubtless wonders how it came about that these fanatics were allowed to put their theories so drastically into practice. He probably thinks: "We have cranks in this country; occasionally one even gets into the House of Commons, but, by George, we don't let 'em run the whole show." I must answer, unfortunately, that the prohibitionist, his type at least, is the whole show politically in the United States. The home of the prohibitionist, the small town of the great agricultural areas, the Main Streets of every State, were and are politically dominant in America. The representatives of these constituencies, the majority of the members of Congress, are almost entirely ignorant of the most elementary facts and principles of political theory, of science, of economics, of history. The occasional man of education and experience, of a more general and catholic culture, like Hughes or Hoover, who is elected or appointed to a position of importance in the Government, is absolutely impotent to accomplish anything which is not approved of by the power behind the throne, by the

fanatics and demagogues who lead the vast majority of the ignorant and the unthinking. The educated, the travelled, the more cosmopolitan citizens are in such a pitiful minority that they are not only powerless to alter, but actually powerless even to influence public opinion toward altering, a policy which they condemn as sincerely, as vehemently, as the Europeans who are, after all, by far the least sufferers.

With the administration of affairs in the hands of those without proper education, without training in science, in economics, above all in history, without a wide knowledge of life in foreign lands, it seemed useless to expect any deviation from the current galling procedure. Until the fanatics, the sincere believers in old and discredited creeds, in harsh and narrow standards of conduct, had lost their power in the State, it seemed vain to hope for a more rational, a more urbane policy on the part of the American Government. Then the oil scandal developed, and the opportunity which it afforded for the exercise of the partisan political zeal always dominant in the minds of the Senators during the year of a presidential election so absorbed their attention that the liquor treaty slipped through the Senate with scarcely any discussion at all. The peculiar grossness of the corruption which has been brought to light in the Teapot Dome affair must make every sensitive American blush for his country, but even in this case the truth of the old adage about an ill wind is once again strikingly illustrated.

The New Idealism

By David Harrison, LL.D.

One of the most important results produced by the war is the fresh attitude it has forced us to adopt towards political and international problems. We now realize, as never before, that no individual, class or nation can stand alone, for the action of any one has infinite repercussions upon the remainder. One result of this growing sense of interdependence has been to introduce moral issues more and more into the discussion of these problems, and in this connection we hear much of a new Idealism which is going to solve them all, and without which, we are told, civilization must perish. This new factor, which is in part a reaction from the terrible realism of wartime, pervades, in varying degrees, the declarations of the majority of British and American, and of a few Continental, politicians, who find its adoption an easy method of earning popularity among a large section. We have all met the enthusiasts who refused to believe that Mr. Lloyd George, that coiner of flowery phrases, could possibly do wrong, and we know that there are today thousands who, while disliking Socialism, are attracted to Mr. MacDonald by the idealistic attitude which he invariably assumes. Indeed, one of the main reasons for the growth of the Labour Party is the idealism which seems to distinguish its programme from that of Conservatives or of Liberals. Lord Birkenhead's exposure of this idealistic philosophy has called forth a torrent of indignant protest from many quarters, and we are in fact fast approaching a new classification of politicians and politics which allows no distinction between the pure white of "idealism" and the deep black of "reaction." But a principle of conduct, political or otherwise, cannot safely be founded upon a catchword, and it is therefore time we examined the meaning of this new idealism in an endeavour to ascertain what it implies.

Now a moment's thought will show us that the term

"idealist" is capable of a variety of meanings. It may, for example, connote merely the man who is wholly swayed by intellectual ideas rather than by the hard facts and the living personalities of everyday life—the theorist as opposed to the practical man. Such a one is obviously unfitted for the task of government, where he would appear as an idle dreamer or visionary, but in other spheres he may be of great service to mankind. The world would be infinitely the poorer had it not been served by men who, sheltered from the battle of life, worked out their theories in religion, philosophy or science, thus opening up new paths of progress for the practical people to follow. Again, by idealist we may mean one who, being a man of action, is yet guided by a single ideal, that is an idea which is higher or better than the majority of those which actuate mankind or which calls for the exercise of a high degree of virtue in its pursuit. In this sense idealism may connote belief in humanity, in the possibility of good even in the worst of men, or a faith in the idea of progress, varying from a passionate conviction to a mere easy optimism. It will also include attachment to any cause the furtherance of which entails prolonged devotion, courage or patience. Thus patriotism, now at a discount, has furnished its idealists by the hundred, men like Regulus, Robert Bruce, Wolfe or Gordon, who made love of country the guiding principle for which they were prepared to give their lives. I fail to see why the description of idealist should not be applied to the so-called "Die-Hard," for an idealist is hardly worth his salt if he is not prepared to die in the last ditch for his ideal. In a sense, indeed, the self-made business man may be called an idealist, for he strives with courage, endurance, and patience towards a definite aim, the realization of which at least proves him to be a man.

Clearly, then, there are idealists *and* idealists. It all depends on the nature of the ideal and the character of the man who follows it. This being so, it is surely absurd to classify all idealists in one category as if they were the salt of the earth, and could alone save a tottering world from destruction. Because certain great characters of the past, inspired by some noble enthusiasm, have

brought blessings upon their fellow-men, it by no means follows that any modern leader whose utterances are tinged with a vague benevolence is likewise destined to save humanity. We must discard such confused reasoning—or rather, disregard of reason—and bring the modern idealist (so-called) to the test of comparison with the great ones of the past who have truly merited the title.

Take what is perhaps the highest motive which can actuate a man—the love of humanity inspired by religion—and look at its noblest exponents (and therefore the greatest idealists), men like Buddha, St. Paul, or St. Francis of Assisi. What were their chief characteristics? I think they may be summarized as a passionate belief in a definite ideal, a self-renunciation which directed all their activities to this one end, and a preparedness to suffer for it *in their own persons*. Thus equipped, they proved themselves not only idealists, but the greatest of realists, as Mr. Chesterton has admirably pointed out in his recent study of St. Francis. Starting on what seemed a hopeless enterprise, they succeeded in turning the world upside down, and thereby leaving an indelible mark on the pages of history. They effected something *because they knew what they wanted*; they did not busy themselves with "gestures" or "creating a favourable atmosphere," but they went straight to the point. In other words, the very completeness of their idealism prevented them from being only idealists and nothing more. Idealism of the right kind, then, is not only laudable, but distinctly practical, *for it gets things done*. And the best religions, Christianity above all, are based on idealism, since they teach that even the worst man can be redeemed, and they set before their followers an ideal which, even if actually impossible, they are yet bidden to attain.

It was the same with the lesser men who have rightly earned the title of idealist. The great patriots, Wallace, Chatham, Wolfe, or Garibaldi; the men who struggled against tyranny or inhumanity, such as Wilberforce, Howard, or Shaftesbury, all in lesser or varying degree evinced these same qualities of faith, unselfishness and preparedness to suffer. And among modern politicians there are a few whose characters will stand the same test. Mr. Baldwin in his love of England, and his willingness to

suffer defeat at the polls for the sake of his principles is, I think, a true idealist. So also was Cecil Rhodes in his faith in the British Empire, and particularly in the destiny of South Africa, or John A. Macdonald, father of that Confederation which made Canada a nation. All these men had this in common with the idealists first mentioned —they saw their ideal clearly, as the finished product of a logical mind, not as the vague outpouring of an unbridled imagination. You cannot have idealism without an ideal, and a mere sentimental benevolence will not atone for the lack of one.

Now turn from these figures to the average modern idealist—the glibly optimistic politician, the humanitarian crank, the shallow enthusiasts who believe that the world can be reconstructed in a decade, the multitudinous leaders in Church and State with their home-made panaceas for post-war maladies, and the considerable following of well-intentioned, half-educated people who are mesmerized by their exuberant "ideology"—and observe the contrast. What does this sort of "idealist"—the type so constantly held up as the opposite of the "reactionary" and the "realist"—stand for? The establishment of a permanent peace, and the reconstruction of Europe, some will reply. Quite so, but is there anything particularly wonderful in that? Is it not what all statesmen worthy of the name are striving for? If the so-called idealist is to make any real contribution to the solution of this problem, he must be much more definite than this, and that is precisely what he never by any possible chance is. Upon what basis his new Europe is to be founded it is impossible to discover, try as we may. Of course, it is to rest on the League of Nations, but beyond this we are completely in the dark—and recent events at Geneva justify the suspicion that the idealist is just as ignorant. When it comes to the point, all he can do is to "explore the avenues" by means of imposing conferences which bring forth, after much travail, a "formula"!—in other words, a verbal compromise which means nothing and effects still less.

Indeed, the only definite article in the creed of the pseudo-idealist is that nothing must on any account be done to hurt anyone. Strong government is "reactionary" to him; authority is always in the wrong, for the

Liberal principles imbibed in his youth taught him that it is the enemy of freedom, despite the plain teaching of history (not to mention recent events in Ireland) that it is the condition precedent to every liberty. Thus his gospel boils down to a mere vague benevolence, which results in weakness both of action and of intellect. It also effects just the very thing the idealist sets out to prevent, namely, the firmer establishment of evil, for the new idealism, while disdaining to oppress others, refuses to prevent others from oppressing third parties. Hence the betrayal of the Irish loyalists, handed over to the tender mercies of the gunmen, and butchered at the rate of forty or sixty a month, what time Mr. Lloyd George declared that "in Ireland we have laid the foundations of a lasting peace." Hence also the precipitate haste of the late idealist government to clasp to its arms the representatives of the most bloodthirsty tyranny the world has ever seen.

It may be that we are enjoined to love our enemies, but the pseudo-idealist more than fulfils this command, and would lend them money to finance their hostilities (be they propagandist or economic) against his country. So determined is he to love them that he will go to any length, even to the betrayal of his friends, to effect his object. Not only does his charity not begin at home, it scarcely ever gets there. The murder of an Italian Socialist, the suppression of an Indian agitator, or the deportation of Irish rebels move him to righteous indignation—but the doing to death of Mrs. Lindsay in Ireland, of Mrs. Evans in Mexico, or of Mr. Day in India, leave him cold. Presumably it is "reactionary" to make a fuss over the murder of loyal Britons! He declaims daily against the wicked oppression of a Poincaré or a Mussolini, but the blasphemous bestialities of Moscow do not disturb his conscience in the least—nay, they are to be excused, and even condoned, for is not Russia making a great experiment in idealism? In short, our modern idealist is, in most cases, a weak tool in the hands of the unscrupulous plunderer, the brutal tyrant and the assassin, and in one sense he is worse than them all, for he does their dirty work, not with their engaging frankness, but from the highest motives.

It would be an interesting study to trace the various factors which have contributed to this extraordinary mentality, now unfortunately so common, but this would require a volume to itself. In many cases, of course, it is quite insincere, the homage that democracy pays to virtue, but the genuine variety may perhaps be traced to three main sources, which may be briefly indicated in turn.

Of these, the first is that philosophical humanitarianism which underlay nineteenth-century Liberalism, and which still apparently inspires the Liberal Party of today. Now humanitarianism, or love of humanity, is a valuable thing, but only when it springs from a true and deep motive. To love one's fellow-men because they are made in the image of God is intelligible—to try to love them for the sake of a political principle is to attempt the impossible, and to become a hypocrite. And this is what the Liberal, with his "open mind" on religion (and consequent absence of any religious element in his political philosophy) tries to do. The passionate yearning for the souls of men which impelled Francis of Assisi to seek out the outcast and destitute is in him replaced by a second-hand philanthropy which enables him, sitting comfortably in his armchair, to hand over the weak and defenceless to rebel or agitator in the name of a "broad-minded settlement." And this philosophical brand of Idealism is the more infectious in that it fits in with the shallow sentimentality which is characteristic of the modern age. Just as the notorious criminal, whose "terrible ordeal in the dock" is detailed by the sensational Press, often becomes almost a martyr while his innocent victim is forgotten, so the noisy agitator or rebel is championed by the humanitarian, while his law-abiding dupes are left to "stew in their own juice."

This attitude has been further encouraged by a long line of Whig historians, who have sedulously spread the doctrine that English liberty has only been won by a series of successful rebellions, from which it follows that to oppose rebellion is practically to deny one's birthright. In fact, the mere existence of rebellion becomes sufficient reason for surrendering to it: the very fact that demands are made is palpable evidence that concession is in

accordance with the will of Providence. Thus, the divine right of rebellion, by which the rebel can do no wrong, is fast becoming as great a reality as was once the divine right of kings.

The second factor responsible for the growth of the new idealism is the doctrine, now widely held, that force is always wrong, or that, if sometimes morally permissible, it is always impolitic, since it defeats its own ends. The first of these contentions, upon which the Conscientious Objector mainly relied, springs largely from modern efforts to bring the conduct of political and international affairs into line with the principles of Christian ethics. With this endeavour all those who desire to see Britain retain its character (not always, unfortunately, entirely deserved) as a Christian nation must assuredly sympathize, although they may not see eye to eye with the more fanatical followers of the "C.O.P.E.C." movement. The question, however, is not so easy of solution as might appear, and it is necessary to warn those who jump to conclusions and demand that national policy shall be amended in this and that respect in accordance with their own imperfect ideas of the implications of Christianity. Without going into this general question, it seems desirable to point out three things. First, that while the Gospel enjoins men to "turn the other cheek" to the smiter, it does *not* bid them to turn their neighbours' cheeks. Secondly, whatever conduct may be demanded by religion of an individual, a nation is not an individual, therefore, if it is wrong (as the "idealists" contend) to punish Germany as an individual criminal, it is equally wrong for a British Government to hand over part of its population to a murder-gang on the plea that, as one individual to another, it is "overcoming evil with good." Thirdly, while mercy is certainly a Christian attribute, so also is justice; therefore, the Sermon on the Mount cannot logically be invoked as an excuse for breaking the Sixth or the Eighth Commandment.

Indeed, a good deal of the confusion which prevails as to the correct Christian attitude to war and force would be avoided by applying a very simple test. Supposing the Good Samaritan had met the man who fell among thieves, not at the point indicated in the parable, but

just as the robbers set upon him, what would have been his plain duty? Ought he to stand aside, indicating by some sort of "gesture" that he was ready with bandages, oil and wine, for use as soon as the thieves had finished with their unfortunate victim? I imagine that few people would give an affirmative answer to this question. Yet there are "idealists" today who not only stood on one side while similar outrages were committed, but were prepared to subsidize the thieves with a State-guaranteed loan, on the plea that the poor fellows must not be made to feel like pariahs!

Turning now to the correlated theory that force is impolitic, since it never really effects its desired end, one could easily adduce a hundred examples to prove its untruth. Practically every strike is only carried through by the exercise of unlawful intimidation, camouflaged as "peaceful picketing," and the majority of strikes are undeniably effective. It is often pointed out that persecution failed to destroy the early Christian Church, but it undoubtedly destroyed many thousands of early Christians. The fate of the Lollards in the fifteenth century, of the French Protestants and Scottish Catholics and Episcopalians in the two following centuries, and of the Armenian nation in the twentieth is proof conclusive that force can attain its objects, be they right or wrong.

Nevertheless, the opposite view is now widespread among people of note. Thus we are exhorted to trust all men, even though they are, by their own avowal, plotting against our very existence. And here again we perceive the hollow hypocrisy of the pseudo-idealist which distinguishes him from the true type, for he advocates a standard of conduct for his fellow-men or for his nation which he dares not follow in his own private life. When the people who urge us to trust our avowed enemies refuse to bolt their own doors against burglary, or when prosperous Socialists, who talk loudly about "wage-slavery," distribute their worldly wealth (acquired under the wicked capitalist system) among the poor, we may begin to believe in their creed.

The third factor which is responsible for this idealistic cult, is what may be called the New Nonconformity, a term which does not necessarily refer to any religious

principle, but to a general mental attitude. It will scarcely be denied, for instance, that there are some men who are temperamentally "nonconformists," quite apart from their religious opinions. They love to be in a minority, they cherish a perpetual grievance, and are always "agin the band." In other days such people would have been Puritans, kicking against the broad religious settlement which the majority accepted. But puritanism is now at a discount: as a political influence it is utterly dead, and the contribution of the modern Nonconformist to politics is merely a watered-down, undenominational morality which is not only not puritanical, but has hardly anything distinctly Christian about it. Hence the nonconformist in temperament, who in old days would have been an austere Puritan protesting against wickedness in high places, is now mainly distinguished by precisely that false, shallow idealism which is under consideration, and by virtue of which he denounces with lofty superiority all Continental statesmen who fail to settle European problems as he desires. In place of definite principles (and the old Puritans, with all their faults, had their principles) he cultivates an easy optimism, accompanied by a suspicious attitude towards such "reactionary" affairs as patriotism, imperialism, armaments, strong government, and alcohol. This type of philosophy is especially expounded at P.S.A.s' and Brotherhood meetings—those peculiarly Anglo-Saxon institutions at which religion is made easy for the masses by depriving it of every vital principle, and leaving only a misty cloud of benevolent sentiment which lulls their minds, even as the Sunday dinner has already overpowered their bodies.

Some people may think that this last point has been pressed too far, and that it is unfair to tax Nonconformity with fostering a bastard idealism. This objection would be sound if Nonconformity had retained intact its theological basis. But it is common ground, I believe, that it has not done so, and therein lies the danger. To a large extent it has given up its old insistence upon the reality of Sin and Hell, and substituted a vague humanitarianism which practically leaves sin out of account; consequently, it has lost its sense of Justice.

Where the old Puritan would have condemned evil and insisted on the repentance of the evil-doer, the modern idealist excuses it and shakes hands with the criminal in the hope that he may repent. In place of the old insistence on the redemption of the individual by personal conversion he preaches the perfectibility of mankind by Act of Parliament, which, of course, must give the populace whatever it demands. Thus, if 51 per cent. of a nation votes for prohibition, the other 49 per cent. must submit to it; if people demand easier divorce, it is "reactionary" to deny it; if Labour insists on the unconditional right to strike, it is "provocative" to curtail it. And it must be admitted that the same malady has infected some of our Anglican leaders, providing a curious commentary on the efforts to bring industrial affairs into harmony with Christian ethics. Thus, whatever may be thought of the long coal dispute, it is surely a cardinal principle of Christian morality that it is wrong to try and remedy your grievances towards others, however genuine, by inflicting injury on third parties. Even assuming that the miners had a perfectly good case as against the coal-owners, it should have been clear that they had no moral right to hold the whole community to ransom. Yet the Archbishop of Canterbury in his efforts towards conciliation during the general strike seemed blind to this important moral issue, treating the dispute as one between masters and men only, and it was left to Cardinal Bourne to denounce the strike as a sin against the community. Again, the clerical leaders who later attempted to mediate between miners and owners displayed the same blindness and judging from their attitude, Mr. Cook might have been the most angelic member of a Sunday School class instead of the revolutionary he really is. Thus, it is no wonder that the Trade Union Act has been denounced all round by so-called idealists as "provocative," when it was merely designed to protect the nation from the selfishness of organized minorities. The criticism of the true idealist would have been directed to the fact that the Government, while preventing the unions from helping their members by a wrongful method, viz. an extended strike which injures the whole community, have so far failed to provide alternative

machinery whereby the same end can be attained peacefully. Again, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's only solution of the Chinese question was to cry "Negotiate! Negotiate!" no matter with whom or with what result, so long as something which could be called a "settlement" was reached and regardless of the danger to our nationals in the East. One can imagine with what vehemence St. Bernard or Cromwell (to take two great examples, one Catholic and the other Protestant, of those who tried to christianize politics) would have denounced the treaty engineered by our late Government with the Soviet. One can hardly name the saint, who dared to admonish even popes, in the same breath as Lenin, and surely the Protector would have given short shrift to diplomats who dared to suggest the preposterous terms which we were lately asked to swallow. Yet our idealist politicians gloried in their surrender to Bolshevism, and hardly a voice was raised in protest from the churches. Even "C.O.P.E.C." was silent. It is left to America to show us the right attitude to Bolshevism, and thus the morality of the new idealism is inferior to that of the most materially-minded nation of modern times. Indeed, the only true idealists in the whole of this sorry business are the nameless thousands in Russia who still, in spite of bitterest persecution, refuse to give up their faith and their decency. But they are conveniently forgotten.

What, then, is the conclusion of the matter? Is idealism a mistake, and must we assume that men will always act primarily from self-interest? Will the "ape and tiger" never die, and must one despair of progress, other than material, in human affairs? Or even if there is something noble in the best sort of idealism, is it only an unpractical dream, and must we rely in mundane affairs on the principles of Machiavelli?

These are big questions, and it will probably take the best part of the present century to answer them. Clearly, the pursuit of the false idealism so common today will lead nowhere, save to the destruction of a civilization too weak to defend itself from those subversive elements which most truly represent the "ape and tiger." But the abuse of a thing is no argument against its proper use. We have seen that the true idealist is the greatest

realist, and in this seeming parodox may lie the salvation of our civilization.

Now idealism in politics and social relations is not a new thing, as some of our leaders seem to imagine. It has been tried before, namely in the Middle Ages, when a great attempt was made to realize the utopia of a world-state controlled by a reformed Papacy and the Empire. That attempt failed because it depended upon defective machinery, and because these two institutions preferred to fight each other instead of collaborating as partners. Nevertheless, it came several times near to success, and in many respects it achieved distinct results; social and economic life was arranged on a broad basis of justice and security, and in international affairs there was a consciousness that underneath external differences lay the essential unity of Christendom. Now in so far as this utopia was realized, even if in part only, it was because it possessed a moral basis, and that, too, one that was both *sound* and *definite*. Sound, because it went down to fundamentals, and judged all things by eternal, rather than by temporal, values; definite, because it was founded upon Catholic Christianity, which, whether we agree with it or not, is undeniably one of the most definite things on earth. Unless your ideal is both sound morally and clearly defined, it will be worse than useless.

It would obviously be futile to attempt a revival of the mediæval system—the world of today is immeasurably larger and utterly different—but if we must have idealism, we can learn much from this earlier example. Especially we can see that what Europe needs today, above all things, is to recapture the lost ideal of Christendom—not, be it noted, to create merely an "atmosphere" founded upon an undenominational and sentimental humanitarianism, than which nothing is more ineffective and pitiable—but a Christendom which shall be based upon definite moral principles and working towards a definite goal, the establishment of the Kingdom of God upon earth.

If, however, modern indifference to religion and the divisions among Christian people make this at present impossible—if, that is, our ideal must perforce be limited to merely temporal affairs, then again it must still be

based upon a definite reality. It must rest upon stern justice which will neither itself transgress nor condone transgression in others, rather than on a sentimental benevolence which is only weakness, and must end in the triumph of the forces of evil over civilization. Without this element of justice, idealism is positively dangerous. As we have seen, it can easily become the ally of tyranny and materialism; it is invoked to "honour" a treaty by altering it, to carry out supposed obligations to enemies while ignoring prior promises to friends; it denounces what it calls "militarism," but is silent concerning the "class war;" it refuses to employ force against blasphemy or sedition, but it would mobilize all the forces of the State to prevent a man drinking a glass of beer, or to drive loyalists out of the Empire. It waxes enthusiastic over a League of Nations, which may or may not be a success, but ignores or belittles that British Commonwealth, which is already a real league of nations, founded on a true idealism, and inspired by a common kinship and loyalty. It would abandon these tried friends, as well as the allies who stood shoulder to shoulder with us in the war, in order to stretch out the hand of friendship to those who betrayed us or fought against us. Who knows, indeed, what we may not be asked to surrender next in the name of "idealism"? The day may not be too far distant when we shall be urged to give up even religion itself in this more sacred cause. Truly may we exclaim, "Idealism, what crimes are committed in thy name!"

Homesickness

By Ray Carr

THE Golden Shwe Dagon Pagoda may be one of the Wonders of the World and a dominating feature of the city of Rangoon; but, taken all in all, it is probably no better known within the city than is Anderson's Bar.

Every taxi-driver, ghariwallah and rickshaw coolie knows Anderson's Bar in Soolay Pagoda Road. It is unnecessary to direct the driver of any conveyance to the bar, for knowledge of its location is essential to his calling.

The place itself is a very tolerable imitation of a comfortable lounge in an English " pub."; but its frequenters are vastly different. In Anderson's will be found Europeans, some dressed in neat silk suits, others in shabby khaki shirts and " shorts," and their conversation is of rice and rubber, tin and teak, or scandal. There are Eurasians of every shade of complexion ranging from old ivory to deepest bronze, and speaking English with an accent which sometimes hails from Oxford but is more often the local " chi-chi." Asiatics also are present. These talk loudly and make much display of their whiskies and sodas. Some of them wear Western clothes, but many retain their gorgeous silken raiment.

Overhead the great electric fans buzz steadily and churn up the sticky, smoke-laden atmosphere. And around the bar itself, or about the small tables before it, there hover the bare-footed Mohammedan waiters.

It was to Anderson's that Jim Draycott betook himself one evening when on one of his infrequent visits to the city. Overseer on a rubber estate some fifty miles away, he knew nobody in Rangoon, and he had no desire to know anybody. Therefore he sought out an empty table and sat down to consume a peg in silence. As he sipped his drink, he glanced about him and noted the occupants of the tables and the men lounging up against the bar.

Three or four youngsters, "chokras" from some trading firm, were talking noisily and discussing plans for the evening. They were in white tropical dinner jackets, and evidently were intent upon a night of fun. From gazing at them Draycott turned away to glance in disgust at his own shabby and soiled suit of khaki drill. Those " chokras " annoyed him. For them, as once for him, the

East was truly gorgeous. Life to them was a fine thing. And to Draycott—well, the East, Burma, was a prison, a drab and dreary place from which he could see no way of escape.

He continued his survey of the room. In a far corner sat a Eurasian with three Burmans. The greens and pinks and scarlets of the Burmans' silken headdresses and pasos, or waistcloths, made a great riot of colour against the dull panelling of the wall behind them. Suddenly, almost at his elbow, a Cockney voice exclaimed disgustedly:

"I say, Joe, ain't it damned hot?"

Joe agreed. And Draycott, looking over his shoulder, saw that the table next to his own had been appropriated by two men. They were both English, and there was something of the sea in the appearance of the man who complained of the heat. His companion, Joe, seemed to be a clerk or a storekeeper.

"Damned hot!" reiterated the first speaker as he ordered drinks from the waiter. "Putting plenty ice for masters," he commanded as the native boy hurried away.

"What time are you sailing tomorrow, Harry?" inquired Joe.

"Dunno. . . . But passengers will be aboard by half-past eight. Blast them! Sixty-eight of them. And here am I with five of my lads laid up with fever and in hospital. . . . I tell you, Joe, I'm fair fed up. . . . I shan't be sorry when we reach Plymouth."

Joe laughed. But there was a note of envy in that laugh.

"Plymouth, eh? You'll be there in a month. . . . God! I wish I could say the same for myself."

"Oh, you're all right where you are." He paused as the drinks arrived and then reverted to his own troubles. "You can take it from me, Joe, a chief steward's job ain't all beer and skittles."

"I believe you." Joe raised his glass. "Here's luck!" Then he wiped his mouth. "Plymouth in a month!"

And Jim Draycott, listening to that conversation, shared with Joe his feeling of envy. What would he not have given to change places with that chief steward? England . . . but he was tied, irrevocably and hopelessly tied, to Burma.

His thoughts took him back to the time when, not so very many years ago, he had felt the urgent call of Asia. In answer to that call and without any knowledge of the East he had thrown up a clerkship in London and, a few pounds in his pocket, sailed for India with a firm resolve to achieve his fortune. There was no billet waiting for him, for in his ignorance he imagined that a European readily obtained lucrative employment. And disillusion came quickly when he found that a comfortable living was only for those men who left London or Manchester or Glasgow with their agreements in their pockets.

He was out of a job and must perforce take what was offered, and he found himself in competition with Eurasians and Indians whose ways of life permitted them to accept salaries which he could only classify as beggarly. He drifted from one ill-paid job to another. First, it was clerical work with a Parsi shipping firm in Bombay, then a subordinate post in a Calcutta jute mill. Came a boom in rubber, and he hurried down to Penang on the rumour of many vacancies in offices and plantations. He found a billet, but only as an overseer, and when the boom ended, he was adrift once more.

There followed a spell of temporary employment in a Singapore office, after which he travelled north to Rangoon, the Mecca of the unemployed in that quarter of Asia. In Rangoon he was, in turn, book-keeper of a third-rate hotel, bazaar clerk for a piece-goods firm, and an insurance tout. Then, again, he returned to rubber. For five years now he had been an overseer upon the plantation of the Pegu Rubber Company. And he drew the princely wage of eighty-five rupees a month, and was provided with free accommodation, which consisted of a diminutive three-roomed bungalow. . . . So much for the romance and glamour and wealth of the East!

But, in addition, Jim Draycott was married, and it was his marriage which really bound him to Asia. His wife was Eurasian, the daughter of old de Castro, the senior overseer on the plantation.

Rosa had been pretty when he married her, three years ago. But, like all half-castes, she would age rapidly. . . . And already there were two children, black-haired, sallow-skinned urchins . . . and another on its way!

What a fool he had been to marry that girl! In

another five years she would be like her mother. He could so easily picture her . . . fat and lazy; dirty bare feet thrust into unsightly slippers; a gaping, unclean blouse barely concealing her ample bosom; hair bundled together anyhow. He saw the future stretching out before him—that miserable bungalow, a slut of a wife, naked alien children who spoke fluent Burmese and chi-chi English.

At the next table the chief steward still talked loudly and complained about life.

"I tell you, Joe, if I could pick up half a dozen chaps here anxious to get to England, I would take 'em in at once. Straight, I would . . . and no questions asked neither. But, by God! I'd make them work damned hard for their passages."

"You would," agreed Joe.

"But what chance is there of my finding one, let alone six? All you fellows in Burma know when you are on a good thing. There ain't anyone here anxious to go back to Blighty." He dabbed at his streaming face with his handkerchief.

"Oh, yes, that's right," commented Joe facetiously.

Draycott's thoughts closed in upon him once more. There was Huntley, the estate manager, and his assistant, Lang. They found Burma a pleasant place. They lived well, were paid well, and received eight months' leave at the end of every three years. And Lang kept a Burmese girl who tried to give herself airs and condescended to Rosa. Damn Lang! And Hunter! Both of them probably laughed at him, Jimmy Draycott, and looked upon him as a failure. Were they really any better men than himself? Their knowledge of rubber was rather less than his own.

It was Lang who had sent him into Rangoon to collect some machinery for the factory.

"And behave yourself, Draycott. Don't forget you are a married man," he had exclaimed with a grin. He knew well that Draycott hated Rangoon and hated the white men he must meet there. These other men were successful, and they emphasized his own failure.

With a loud scraping of chairs the men at the next table rose to leave. The chief steward was still grumbling.

"Oh! Come on," exclaimed Joe. "Let's go next

door to the pictures. You will forget your troubles for a bit. We can pop in here again if we want another drink."

The chief steward again produced his large handkerchief, and wiped the sweat which glistened upon his face.

"Damned hot!" he complained as he followed his friend to the door. He was a big and somewhat gross man, and there were great damp patches upon his white suit where perspiration had penetrated it.

So they were going to the pictures. Well, that was an idea! He had an empty evening to fill in, and he might just as well spend it at the pictures as elsewhere. Draycott picked up his battered solar topee and then he, too, walked out of the bar.

If it was hot in Anderson's, it was very much hotter inside the picture theatre, where Draycott found himself wedged in between a fat half-caste woman and a Bengali clerk who smelt strongly of the coconut oil with which his hair was greased. Almost before he had seated himself Draycott began to wish that he had not entered the place.

An English news film was being shown, and on the screen was a flickering picture of the Strand crowded with the usual London traffic and with throngs of pedestrians .... England again! Jimmy Draycott realized with a slight feeling of sickness at the pit of his stomach that it was several years since he had trodden the pavements of the Strand. And then a girl—a typical English girl—smiled out of the film at him. He could not remember when last such a girl, a real white woman, had exchanged glances with him.

The scene changed; but it was England, always England, that he saw upon the screen. Even when the news film ended it was an English "thriller" that took its place.

All around him the Eurasians, Indians, and Burmans were engrossed with the story, and the rabble in the cheapest seats shouted and stamped its approval. The fat half-caste woman wept unaffectedly into her handkerchief, and her daughter who accompanied her opined that the story was "lovlee."

Draycott did not follow the story—it was only the

occasional glimpses of the English countryside which held his interest. For the rest of the time he was lost in his own thoughts. And his thoughts were bitter.

They centred around that little bungalow on the rubber estate which he now must call "Home." To-morrow he would return to it and to his shrewish Eurasian wife and those half-naked, dark-skinned children. He could see, too clearly, the broken cane chairs on the veranda; the dirty strip of matting beneath the dining-table; the torn and unclean curtains carelessly strung across doors and windows. In the bedroom would be soiled clothes tossed negligently into corners; a tumbled bed with an ill-patched mosquito net; and, in all probability, some dish of native food upon the dressing-table.

Then old Mrs. de Castro, Rosa's mother, who lived in a neighbouring bungalow, would be sitting on the veranda. Draycott disliked the old woman. She was so dirty, so slovenly. And most of her day she spent in her daughter's house, where she endeavoured to manage everything. She was fond of the children in her own way. She played with them; but always spoke to them in Burmese, and continually instilled it into them that they were children of the country. It was, Draycott knew, a subtle blow aimed at him, for the old lady returned the dislike he felt for her. And she was determined to do all in her power to keep his wife and children in her own way of life. Well, she had succeeded so far. Draycott was tired of it all. He was a fool to have married Rosa, to have made himself responsible for those two alien children. Jimmy, his son—why, the only thing the small boy inherited from him was his name.

His thoughts jumped back to that picture of the Strand, the motor omnibuses, the taxis, the black-coated men in bowler hats, that girl who smiled at him—a pretty, jolly English girl, trim and neat.

He was conscious of a stir and bustle about him and of people rising from their seats. The performance was over. With the crowd he slowly made his way out of the building and into the wide expanse of Soolay Pagoda Road, where the electric lights burned brightly beneath a cloudless, star-spangled sky.

Rickshaws and taxis waited near the entrance, and their proprietors clamoured for custom. Draycott angrily

pushed aside a couple of Indian coolies who invitingly drew their rickshaws across his path. A silk-clad Burmese girl with frangipanni blossoms in her hair grinned suggestingly at him, but he stepped aside and avoided her. Then a small knot of people barred his way, and he found himself close beside the two men who had earlier been in Anderson's Bar. They, too, had just emerged from the cinema hall.

"So long, Joe. See you again in three months from today."

"That's right!" replied Joe. "Hope you have a good voyage. Going to walk to the jetty?"

"Yes. It's no distance. G'bye." With a final wave of his hand the chief steward set off down the street towards the river.

Draycott followed him, for his night's lodging lay in the same direction. Lucky fellow, that chief steward; he would be sailing for England in the morning! What was it he had said about the shortage of hands on board the ship? Draycott wondered if . . . Almost unconsciously he began to quicken his step and to overtake the man in front of him.

The chief steward seemed to be aware that he was being trailed, and once or twice he glanced over his shoulder. But it was not until he had almost reached the jetty that Draycott summoned up sufficient courage to range up alongside of him.

"Excuse me, sir——"

The chief steward turned and surveyed the young man. He saw a somewhat seedy person dressed in a suit of khaki drill, a well-worn and none too clean suit.

"See here, me lad, I'm not a charitable society," he began.

"I'm not begging."

"Oh!" A pause. "Then what the blazes is it?"

"I heard you talking to your friend in Anderson's Bar, sir; and I could not help overhearing what you said . . . something about being shorthanded——"

The other grunted and peered into Draycott's face. Then he beckoned him forward into the ring of light cast by an electric street lamp.

"You want to work your passage to England, eh? Well, you look all right. We sail in the morning, y'know."

"I heard that, too, sir."

"My name is Raikes." The chief steward lit a cigarette and studied the young man. "It is a risk, but I'm damnably shorthanded." He blew a cloud of smoke. "Ain't dodging the p'lice, are you? Not likely to be any trouble if I take you aboard?"

"None whatsoever, Mr. Raikes. You see——."

"That's enough, me lad. The less I know, the better for all concerned. Have you any kit?"

It suddenly came to the young man that he was entirely unprepared to leave Burma. But was he prepared to forgo this Heaven-sent opportunity? No. He would take what the gods had given him.

"Kit? Only what I stand up in."

Mr. Raikes laughed.

"No matter," he said. "I expect we can fix you up with enough togs to see you through the voyage. After that you must look after yourself."

"I hope to be able to do that."

"I hope so, too. England ain't the soft spot some of you fellows imagine it to be. Well, come on."

The chief steward led the way on to the jetty and descended the steep gangway to the pontoon. Some half a dozen sheeted forms, sleeping coolies, lay upon the wooden floor of the landing-stage. Draycott gazed at them. In the flickering light of an oil lamp they looked like corpses awaiting burial. His last glimpse of Burma, the glamour and mystery of the East. All rubbish, of course.

Meanwhile Mr. Raikes had hailed a sampan, and he interrupted Draycott's reverie with a curt injunction to "jump in." A moment later they were out in the blackness of the river, and moving towards the great hulk of a liner which lay in midstream.

The sampan wallah, a Mohammedan from Chittagong, stood up to his oars and the boat rocked and creaked with the energy of his strokes. Mr. Raikes's cigarette glowed red in the darkness, and a chill breeze blowing downstream made Draycott shiver.

He had taken the decisive step now. He was going home. Home to England! Already he had shaken the dust of Burma from his feet.

And then, just for a second, he felt a twinge of remorse.

What would happen to Rosa and the two children? Of course, old de Castro would look after them. They were of the country, and would manage well enough. . . . England! That girl who had smiled at him out of the screen!

They were some distance from the shore now, and the liner loomed up above them. Lights burned on her decks, and he saw white-clad figures moving along the alleyways. In a very few minutes now he would be aboard.

Again he thought of Rosa and the children. After all, it had not been a bad life on the rubber plantation. No money, and not much in the way of luxuries. But it had been an easy life, and . . . Oh, well, it was all over now. One could afford to overlook the unpleasant side of it. . . . It would be a bit of a shock to Rosa. He wondered if young Jimmy would miss him.

Mr. Raikes was directing the sampan wallah towards the companion. The little craft was close beneath the steamer and drifted easily alongside. There was a gentle bump and the chief steward stood up and reached for the companion rail. Easily he swung himself out of the sampan, and the oarsman now clutched the rail and steadied the boat for Draycott.

"Here we are. Come on, me lad."

Draycott stood up in the rocking boat. A single step lay between him and freedom. A single step lay between him and his old life. . . . He put out his hand towards the companion rail. . . .

Then abruptly he turned away and faced the lights of Rangoon town.

"I'm sorry, sir, but——."

"What's up? Come on, can't you?" There was a note of annoyance in Mr. Raikes' voice. It was late and he wanted to go to bed.

"I'm—I'm not coming, sir. Good-night." Draycott sat down abruptly and directed the sampan wallah to push off from the companion. Then he swore at the man in Hindustani and told him to hasten back to the jetty.

Mr. Raikes stood thunderstruck for a moment. Then, into the darkness, he loosed a string of variegated oaths. Draycott, staring with longing eyes at the lights of the liner, heard them. And he wondered if, after all, he was not the particular kind of fool that the chief steward called him.

Should Actors Die?

By John Shand

SHOULD actors die? I mean, should they pretend to die upon the stage? Should they be encouraged to exhibit their powers of falling down like one who has been shot, or writhing like one who has been poisoned? Should a dramatist be allowed to make his characters kill one another in front of us, or would it be better if all scenes of death were left to the imagination?

I ask these questions quite seriously and quite disinterestedly, without having in mind any ready-made solution. At first glance, you may think that they can easily be settled; but if you will give them that moment of reflection which kills the hasty answer, you may find that the task is not so easy. To question whether it is right to ape death and to simulate pain in order to amuse an audience will be to find yourself discussing not merely the technicalities of playwriting, but points of morality and of æsthetics. Before you finish you may land yourself into a debate—an eternal one—between the values of realism and idealism in art. Thus an apparently simple question may be, as Shakespeare said of glory, "like a circle in the water, which never ceaseth to enlarge itself, till by broad spreading it disperse to naught."

The extraordinary popularity in America and England of the crime and mystery play makes the inquiry, Should death be mimicked on the stage? anything but an academic one. Death by violence is the fate of at least one character in most of these so-called thrillers. In *Broadway*, for example—and I choose this production chiefly because it was recognized on both sides of the Atlantic as a classic of its kind—there are two deliberate murders, both of which take place in view of the audience. In the first scene, you may remember, one crook coldbloodedly shoots his rival. In the last scene, the sweetheart of the murdered man revenges his death by shooting the murderer. Please note at this point, but not too seriously, that the play is so contrived that the audience is forced to pardon the young murderess, and to make common cause with the detective who allows her to escape justice. You see how quickly one finds a moral issue bound up with the question of stage deaths. From

a strictly ethical, as from a strictly legal, point of view, *Broadway* is an immoral play, for it asks us to wink at murder when committed as a private act of justice—which is certainly subversive. However, were the play produced again in New York, I doubt whether the vigilant guardians of morality in that city would try to ban *Broadway* on such grounds. The good busybodies are able to see only one form of immorality. But I digress.

When the vague, general question is placed beside a particular case, such as *Broadway*, we see at once that a hurried "yes" or "no" would not be satisfying. Before you answered my question you would at least have to ask yourself, "Were those two murders effectively thrilling?" For a large number of people, I think, an affirmative answer to this particular instance would also settle our general problem. If a stage death thrills us, they would say, let us have it by all means. If not, not. The two deaths in *Broadway* are exciting, therefore they are right. That would finish the argument. But there are others who would not be satisfied with being thrilled; they would want to know whether they were right to be thrilled. They would next ask: "Were those two murders used by the dramatist for the mere purpose of sensation, because physical violence is an easy way to create excitement, or did he use them strictly as a means to an end essentially dramatic?" I think we may say that the murders in *Broadway* were not used wantonly, but were moments in a coherent, well-devised story. So far, so good. A further number of people would be satisfied.

But some would not yet be content. Having certain plays in mind, particularly those which are now called "Grand Guignol," they would ask: "Did the dramatist try to arouse a morbid, sadistic interest in the methods by which he killed his character? Were the murders gruesome, horrific, revolting? Was the imagination of the audience (as in scenes of torture) incited to dwell upon the act itself rather than upon its consequences?" All those who have seen *The Man with Red Hair*, *The Monster*, or *The Silent House*, to mention some of this year's examples of what I call "horror plays," would have to answer these questions in the affirmative. And I leave it to common sense to decide whether sensations of this

kind are the legitimate stuff of drama. It seems to me that if you were to ask: Should death (or extreme pain) be mimicked on the stage? with examples from the "horror plays" in mind, the average person—at least, when once outside the theatre—would say, No. But in the case of *Broadway*, we cannot say that the murders are gruesome, or that the imagination of the audience is incited to dwell upon the act of killing rather than upon the consequences. The victims are killed swiftly, without fuss. And now I come to think of it, we are not ghoulishly entertained with the sight of the dead bodies. After the first shot, before the man can fall, he is carried out between two men, as if he were alive, but drunk; in the second murder, the shot man falls out of sight just as he is escaping from the bullet. Which is as near the Greek rule of "No death upon the stage" as we can reasonably require.

From a theatrical and from an æsthetic point of view, the mimicry of death in *Broadway* can therefore be defended. But there is one more question someone might ask. Granted that both the murders in this play are essentials of the plot, would they have been equally effective if they had taken place off-stage? Here, I confess, I know not what to say. With the actual production in mind, my answer would be No. But with that masterpiece of stage murder, the killing of Duncan in *Macbeth*, in mind, I wonder whether the melodrama could not have been made more rather than less effective by keeping the murders out of sight. And so once again my question is not settled, even when confined to a particular example.

I have mentioned the Greek rule of death upon the stage, and this reminds me that I am not pretending there is any absolute rule of taste to decide the point for all time. It is evidently a question of propriety, of *what the audience itself expects from the artist.* The Greeks, as I say, were definitely in favour of the convention that all dramatis personæ should be killed behind the scenes. And really it is rather difficult to argue with the Greeks, not because they are dead, but because in matters of artistic taste they were admittedly masters, and they confidently asserted that whoever did not share in the Greek culture was a barbarian. But if we turn

to the Romans, who, as a race, like the English and Americans, are more famous for their empire over the kingdoms of this world than over the countries of the mind, we discover that in their circus entertainments they not only liked to see death enacted in the arena, but, with Roman thoroughness preferred to see the actors actually slaughter one another.* With Roman thoroughness—which is a euphemism for "Roman lack of imagination"—they carried this same rage for realism into the question of stage love-making. You will remember how the famous emperor, Heliogabalus . . . but I must digress no further. Hurriedly leaving "them Romans," whose taste for realism in spectacle was really distressingly Philistine, let us jump to the Elizabethan English. There is no doubt that the Elizabethans thoroughly enjoyed watching from the auditorium a good swashbuckling murder, or a rhetorical suicide, or even a horrible scene of torture, such as the blinding of Gloucester in *Lear*. It needs no scholar come from the library to tell us that. A glance through the plays of the time makes it quite clear that audiences revelled in the blood-boltered banquet served up by their dramatists for the last act of a tragedy. "Look on the tragic loading of this bed!" exclaims one of the few survivors in the fifth act of *Othello*. As you gaze at the heaped-up slain, you murmur that the word "loading" is certainly *le mot juste*. And although I have quoted the thrilling off-stage murder in *Macbeth* as a contrast to the thrilling on-stage murders in *Broadway*, I must admit that as an example of Elizabethan stage practice in the business of killing dramatis personæ, this scene in *Macbeth* is a rare exception in Shakespeare, even in the play itself, which is full of murder and sudden death.

If for the next example we make a jump of a century, we find that in the days of Charles II the attitude of English audiences towards stage deaths had changed, changed so completely from that of the Elizabethans that they actually giggled when the actor pretended to die! And remember, these were the spectators who patiently listened to the long-winded rhymed tragedies of the period, which plays, as they were very popular,

* Horace, however, distinctly supported the Greek view in his "Ars Poetica.".

were presumably taken in all seriousness—except, as I say, when a character had to die in front of the scenery. You may be disinclined to believe a mere statement, so I beg you to take up Dryden's famous "Essay on Dramatic Poesy," in which you will find this sentence: "I have observed that in all our tragedies, the audience cannot forbear laughing when the actors have to die; it is the most comic part of the whole play." This is plain enough, is it not? During a tragic play, instead of being thrilled by a death scene, the audiences of Dryden's time laughed. How can we explain this complete reversal of taste within the lapse of a century? It may have been that the act of dying had become absurdly conventionalized by the players. Perhaps, so to speak, the dying actor was too reluctant to expire, and insisted on counting a hundred before he would consent to die? On the other hand, the change may be only another and very interesting example of the general rationality of the eighteenth century. And I put this forward with more confidence because Dryden seems to suggest it. He says: "All *passions* may be lively represented on the stage, if to the well-writing of them the actor supplies a good commanded voice, and limbs that move easily, and without stiffness, but there are many *actions* which can never be imitated by a just height; dying, especially, is a thing which none but a Roman gladiator could naturally perform on the stage, when he did not imitate or represent, but do it; and therefore it is better to omit the representation of it." Some fifty years later, Addison was saying the same thing in the "Spectator." In the issue dated April 20, 1711, he states that "among all our methods of moving pity and terror, there is none so absurd and barbarous, than that dreadful butchering one another which is so frequent on the English stage. To delight in seeing men stabbed, poisoned, racked, or impaled, is certainly the sign of a cruel temper: and as this is often practised before the British audience, several French critics, who think these are grateful spectacles to us, take occasion from them to represent us as a people that delight in blood. It is indeed very odd to see our stage strowed with carcasses in the last scene of a tragedy. Murders and executions are always transacted behind the scenes in the French

theatre; which in general is very agreeable to the manners of a polite and civilized people."

But it is time for me to return to the present day. When I ask myself again, What is the attitude of English and American audiences towards stage deaths? I realize that the question is too complicated to answer except in a personal way. There are so many kinds of audiences and so many kinds of plays, and a stage death that would disgust one person would amuse another. Matthew Arnold, or some one like him, would say that the only proper way to decide the matter is to ask, Would this or that scene of death please the highest taste? Take the death of Dubedat in Shaw's *The Doctor's Dilemma*, and the death of the old servant in the last act of *The Cherry Orchard*, as examples, and try to imagine what would be the verdict on these scenes of an audience of the finest taste. Unfortunately, I cannot bring myself to imagine this abstract monster of culture. I can only answer for myself and say that that long scene in which Dubedat dies of galloping consumption amidst a blaze of Shavian brilliance seems to me rather ugly and painful; and therefore I react against it by refusing to be illuded and, as the actor gasps his painful way to dusty death, I reflect that he will soon be enjoying a drink in the dressing-room. But when the old servant in *The Cherry Orchard* is waked from his fatal sleep by the sound of an axe in the garden, when he gently tries the bolted doors and shutters, when he quietly resigns himself to his prison and, forgotten by all, lies down again to fall into the sleep of death, this is to me a moment of perfect beauty in a play that is made of beauty. As for the uncounted, unremembered deaths I have seen mimicked in crime and mystery plays, I can only laugh at them, as Dryden's audiences laughed at the conventionalized death-scenes in heroic drama. And I suggest to the authors of this kind of play that because they have become so lavish with scenes of violence, quite a number of people now find little excitement in them.

Should actors die upon the stage? The answer seems to depend upon the ability of the actor, the worth of the play, and the personal tastes of the interrogator. But then I said that I knew no answer to my question; my only hope was to interest you by considering a few sides of it.

The Squire

By Reginald Sanders

THEY called him " the Squire." True, there was another who laid claim to the title, a new-comer who had bought it with his wooded acres, but when the village spoke of "the Squire," it raised no confusion.

Eli Hopkins came of a family of squires. A Hopkins, who was none too sure of the spelling of his name, farmed the same land before Bluff King Hal saw light of day. Proof of that—if you found him in the mood, and it was not easy—old Eli could show in crabbed writing on yellow parchment: writing that could only be read were it carried close to the leaded windows of "the Room," which another might have termed the library. Books were there, old and mellow and untouched by the old man's stiffened hands, but he liked best to call it "the Room." He was always ready to explain that he was no scholar, which was not strictly true, as his regular turn at the reading of the Lesson could testify.

Squire Hopkins was a squire in being as well as in title. He took credit for more inches than were his by the rule. He might in the written word be described as stout; but stout he was not. He was thick, with the thickness of the oak; and to see him standing, feet planted solidly apart, was to call to mind the tree.

Crop held firmly in his armpit, spaniel obediently at heel, he would daily tramp his bounds. Though he could not have framed it with his tongue, his one abiding passion was a deep-seated pride in the land of his forbears—holding it as they had held it, farming it as had they.

He kept abreast of the times, but hated progress with a hate that came unbidden. He bought new machines, each to do the work of six horses; and as he bought them, he rated himself for a weakening fool. He brought science to his cultivation, yet he grunted at the strange smell of each new manure.

He was old in years, but his age did not meet the eye as age. Rather was it a ripeness, and a slowing down of movement—the content of a finishing task. And only he knew how hard it was to walk his full bounds each day. The thumping in his breast had warned him long since.

But he scorned all warning. He was the Squire; he would tramp his bounds. When he could do that no longer, he would cease to be the Squire. Another would do it in his stead—for he had a son. In his son he saw his own stock, and he did not fear the warning in his breast. He, Squire Hopkins, had served his turn.

The lad, as he persisted in calling him, was a good farmer—and that in spite of his strange gift for learning and his university ways. But the old man had a secret fear, and that very gift of learning was the seed from which his fear had risen. With learning of a kind he was familiar, but this sort of education he did not understand. And that which he did not understand Eli Hopkins held in distrust.

The lad farmed the Home Farm. It had been a gift from his father, and he held the land untrammelled. For a Hopkins did not fetter a Hopkins to that which *he* had held unfettered. The Home Farm, compared with the acres of the Manor House Farm, was little enough; but old Squire Hopkins had lately come to know that to some strange-seeing eyes its land was the best. The new railway station had come, and the new concrete road. And old Squire Hopkins had awakened with a shock to the fact that London's arms were long. Long—and they had yet to stretch their full. Even now they were fumbling at the edge of his land. The estate agent and the town-planner eyed its gentle slopes, their pegs beneath their arms, their plans fat in their pockets. They waited only for the passing of a cheque to drive their roads, sink their drains, and mount their boards.

"Plots for Sales"—the paint was already wet when they came to the Manor House. With bluff courtesy old Squire Hopkins received them in "the Room." In silence he heard them out. He saw them, wheedling and protesting, to the skirts of his land. He fetched his gun and his dog and, for the second time that day, tramped his bounds—grim, grim of mouth.

And now they had discovered to whom the Home Farm, the land nearest to the concrete road, belonged; that it was his son's, in full right, to dispose of as he willed. And he knew they would try the worth of that will—a new will, a younger will, a will less stubborn.

He came to dread the day of their coming. Each

morning as he tramped his bounds he searched the road with fear in his heart. That he failed to see them brought no solace. It shifted his dread to the next day, and the next—until the day came when he saw them. He halted at the gate of the farm road, spoke gruffly to his dog, and waited. But they, too, saw him, and they straddled the fence and crossed the meadow, through the growing grass.

There were three of them. Two wore the tweeds of the country gentleman, and he denied them the courtesy. The third wore the black of the office, with a thin leather case at his side. And they were going to the Home Farm. His son was there, he knew, and they would meet him. They would talk to him of land values, of lay-out schemes, and of the duty he owed himself; that he should sell while the selling was good. With their easy voices and their easy ways, with their figures glib from the tongue, their cheques, and their unscrewed pens.

All that his son would understand. He had no fear of the lad being fooled. Even better than himself, he would know the worth of their words, the trick of their figures, and the depth of their gentle design. But he was afraid for his son. He came too much of their own easy-speaking, educated world. And he, Squire Hopkins, would not interfere. The lad held the Home Farm: it was his, and he was free to choose.

He stood solidly in the centre of the road as he watched them into the house. And then he moved and leaned against the gate. The thumping was there on this day, worse even than on those other days. He waited, and as the minutes grew he was forced to lean the heavier. They had already been there too long, those three—and old Squire Hopkins doubted that he could stand on his legs.

Still the minutes passed, and no moving shadow filled the open door of the house. At last he saw them. They came up the farm road. They walked slowly, sulkily, and close together. And old Squire Hopkins knew. He shifted one foot and tried his weight; then the other; and he eased his arms gently from the gate.

He stood solidly in the centre of the road. They said no word, and avoided his eye. He bade them good morning, with no age in his voice, and they passed him by. He called his dog and he tramped his bounds, and old Squire Hopkins smiled.

Mackerel

By K. M. Hitchcox

I LAY on a bed of short sweet grass and sea-pinks, and little busy insects, and watched the sea and Portland, unreal and beautiful in the summer haze. Then, turning to look at Lyme, I saw crouching quite close to me a little scarecrow man with eyes vacantly blue, apparently looking at nothing. "Look," said my companion, "there's old 'Back o' November'—there will be mackerel soon"; and as she spoke, he rose like an old black raven, waving his arms, crying and calling. Instantly the beach woke into feverish life; old sailormen in doorways grew suddenly young, and ran for the beach, with the boys, to man the boats.

Out they went, and soon the nets were closing in, and they lay in thousands in their prison, all exquisite and rainbow-coloured.

That evening there was much coming and going about the cottage doors—a buying and selling. If one has never eaten mackerel fresh caught, and fried in butter, one has lived in vain.

And in the summer darkness I found courage to talk to the old women and men, and asked, "Why 'Back o' November'?" They all said, "'Ee were vurry old, and fine to see the shoals," but no one knew or seemed to care why or where he had come by his strange name.

A Connoisseur

By Edmund Blunden

PRESUME not that grey idol with the scythe
And hourglass of the stern perpetual sands
No more than an insensate mill of hours,
Unawed by battles, unbeguiled with flowers;
Think, this old Merlin may be vexed or blithe,
And for the future stretches hungry hands.

No last-year's bride discovers more caprice
Than this bald magpie smuggling up his wit,
And in his crumbling belfry, where the cost
Of noble death in plundered ruin's lost,
Nodding his glory to each glittering piece
Of glass or jewel that his fancy hit.

Close in the shop of some lean artisan,
Who carves a snuffbox for Squire Harkaway,
Time stoops, and stares, and knows his destined prize:
Crœsus shall hunt what now a dinner buys
When frieze and pillar of a master's plan
Are crushed in waggon-tracks to bind the clay.

There stalled theology makes angels weep
In twenty volumes blazoned red and gold,
And there a broadside's bawled about the street;
Time fetched his halfpence out and bought a sheet.
The twenty volumes slumber in a heap,
The ballad among heirlooms lives enrolled.

Lordly oration thronged the sculptured roof,
And printed rode in plaudits through the town;
The charlatan proclaimed his draughts and pills,
And tossed the crowd his woodcuts and his bills;
From rhetoric's remains Time flies aloof,
And hears the quack still pattering to the clown.

Voluptuous canvas! Venus in May-bloom,
Sunshine of vital gold, faun-twinkling groves,
Harmonious limbs and volant veils, go mourn;
For you will lie with fire, while Time has borne
The blue-daubed frigate from the servant's room
To swell the mad collection of his loves.

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

THE THEATRE AND THE PRESS

"I SEE you had a bit of trouble at your office yesterday," said Heddle.

"At the *Daily Wire* d'ye mean?" asked Sergeant Murphy.

"Yes."

"Oh, that's nothin'. There's always throuble at a newspaper office. But what particular disturbance are you referrin' to?"

"That dramatic critic of yours—havin' to apologize and what not."

"Oh, him—Carrig Boof. He's not a dhramatic critic. He doesn't pretind to be. He's a theatrical detective. There's not a stage secret can be kept from him. What Pearl la Hootch said to the manager, and why Gus Casserole refused a leadin' part, and how Cosby Collar jumped from the fried-fish business into financin' plays—Carrig knows of it and tells the worruld. Whin he's seen in the neighbourhood of a theatre, the manager makes the sign of the Cross and talks code to the fellah in charge of the box office. But it isn't a bit of good, and the next day our paper says, 'Last night *The Salvin' of Selina* played to three hundred and thirty-eight pounds, six and six.' That tells you more about the play than anny dhramatic criticism. Can't you see the stalls, each wan occupied by a ten shillin' Threasury note, with a half-crown restin' on it, like a poached egg on a piece of toast?

"Similarly, if a manager festoons his theatre with deadheads, Carrig smells them out like a witch doctor and calmly announces the early doom of the piece.

"He represints the no-brow breed of critics. He's honest and outspoken, and why he hasn't been pole-axed long ago is wan of the mystheries of modern London.

"You see, Heddle, the Commercial Dhrama lives on newspaper publicity and has to go out for it. But it always takes a risk whin it allows a dhramatic critic to darken its doors.

"The point is, dhrama is supposed to be an art and you can't libel an art.

"SAYS SERGEANT MURPHY"

"I daren't say in print that Somebody's sausages would give a goat heartburn, or that the Something seeds are of the hit or miss type, but I can mintion in an airy way that *Callous Clara*, as a play, shows all the thraces of an imbecile hand in the consthruction and ought never to have got any farther than the wastepaper basket. The managemint have no redhress. They've asked for criticism and they've got it. But in spite of all the flapdoodle that's talked at stage luncheons about art, the min that produce plays are in the business for business reasons. They don't care a hoot in hell if a play is bad art or any art. All they want is to see the box office knee-deep in cash. So whin a newspaper sinds along a fellah, who's out of sorts because his colon is a bit off its bedplate, and the chap writes a notice to the effect that the play is a frost and that a visitor to the gallery will be able to spread himself over three seats at once, the manager denounces all the laws that forbid manslaughter. He wants to have it both ways. If the critic boosts a play, the notice is seen sprawlin' in six-foot letters over every hoardin' in London. If the critic cries 'Stinkin' Fish,' the manager takes it as a personal insult.

"Mind you, Heddle, you can't blame him for gettin' his dandher up whin some highbrow critic, who has been dietin' on Russian dhrama, with a suicide to every square foot, goes back to his office after the first night of *Diana from Deauville* and compares it with *Chuckoff* or *Hamlet*. If the awjence has enjoyed itself, it doesn't matter if the construction was the work of a masther dhramatist or a plumber.

"But whin the manager finds a play floppin' and blames the critics and says that unless they crash the doors they won't get admittance to his next show, he's asking for throuble—and he'll get it.

"Wait till the next production, whin he wants to tell the worruld his leadin' lady is ill and may not be able to appear on the openin' night—a story that never fails."

"You don't mean to say that them stories about actresses are made up?" asked Heddle.

"Heddle," was the reply, "the best play actin' in the theatrical worruld is done off the stage."

First Fruits of the Autumn Season

By Horace Shipp

She Stoops to Conquer. By Oliver Goldsmith. (Lyric, Hammersmith.)
Loyalties. By John Galsworthy. (Wyndham's.)
The Return Journey. By Arnold Bennett. (St. James's.)

SIR NIGEL PLAYFAIR'S revival of Goldsmith's comedy gave rise to a pretty little quarrel, not without its significance in studying problems of the theatre. It began when somebody sorrowfully deplored, in the columns of a contemporary, that youth was "conspicuous by its absence" at the Lyric, and forthwith surmised that the younger generation were concerned only with jazz and the cinema. Whereupon youth, in the person of a young woman from Newnham, retorted that the piece had nothing to offer her contemporaries beyond a certain dignity of out-moded language, and proceeded to attack the males as bounders, bullies, sots, and simpletons, and the females as vamps whose vulgar means of attracting lovers would be deemed unworthy by the more honest modern girl. What age retorted and what youth rejoined does not concern us here. There can be no doubt that Goldsmith's picture of manners has nothing for us if we regard it for one moment as life. As artistry, however, command of diction, grace and deportment in an age which has lost these qualities, this exquisite comedy has its real claim upon us. In one word, it has style.

Any production to command success must depend upon that; and let it be said at once that Sir Nigel Playfair has a sense of it in his Lyric productions. This particular one may be at times somewhat more boisterous in its humour than the fine taste of the best Augustans would allow, but this is a minor fault. It happens that Sir Nigel's own rollicking performance as Tony Lumpkin dominates the stage, and thus, maybe, creates this impression. I venture to think that the pace is a trifle too fast for the leisured speech of that age, and we only sense its values in that deliberately stilted passage between the dissembling lady and her bashful lover. Miss

Marie Ney looks adorable, and if her speech and gesture are reminiscent of our greatest actress in Restoration parts, Miss Edith Evans, it is a gracious fault. A word must be said, too, for Mr. Hay Petrie's excellent study of Hardcastle, but at the Lyric we have learned to expect a high standard in which individuals subserve, as they should, the artistic ensemble.

The lady from Newnham, who wanted a study of the values and manners of modern life, could find it—and probably has done so long ere this—at the revival of Mr. Galsworthy's *Loyalties*. By strange chance it was the one play of Mr. Galsworthy's which I had not seen acted, and its technical achievement as well as the interest of its story and of its theme gave me one of those all too rare evenings of real fascination in the theatre. From the moment of the rise of the curtain till its fall the author never lets go your interest. Each character stands so fully revealed that whilst they are speaking we accept entirely their viewpoint, adhere to their loyalties and understand their motives. Mr. Leon M. Lion, playing the Jew, Ferdinand de Levis—whose insistence on exposing a theft at the cost of everybody's feeling cuts so terribly across the good form of the country house and club set—got the sympathy of the house for the character without too much stress of the "Only a Jew" note; and Mr. Eric Maturin, as the good-class rotter, managed to convey the author's wise sympathy even for him in his dare-devil weakness. If these stood out from a fine cast, it is chiefly that the play moves round them. The women were not so good; but, truth to tell, Mr. Galsworthy does not seem to be concerned with his women so much as with his men, and *Loyalties* is a play of masculine motives. Its final curtain is debatable. Suicide is regarded as rather Ibsenish these days as a dramatic solution, and I imagine our young lady from Newnham would have ideas on that pistol shot. But in face of a fine drama, full of incident and revealing the springs of individual and social action of our time, criticism of detail would be carping.

The one other play which, because of its authorship, claims attention at the opening of the autumn season is Mr. Arnold Bennett's *The Return Journey*. Actually it is

so shockingly, so distressingly, so appallingly bad that honest criticism becomes inarticulate. Weighed against the few fine things he has given us in another branch of literature, Mr. Bennett's piece is incredible. It tells the Faust story in terms of modern life with a Cambridge don as Faust, a rejuvenation gland theorist as Satan (or was it Satan as the R.G.T. ? the author does not make it clear), a blue-stocking, who with very little provocation and a few drinks abandons a scholastic career, her home, her noble lover, and her virtue to become the mistress of the rejuvenated gentleman, and the temptation of Life *v.* Scholarship as the conflict. "Life," let it be understood, means cocktails, passion, night-clubs, and—O deliciously wicked word !—caviare. The picture of this night-club was so inexpressively dreary that it would not have lured a servant girl to sin nor tempted a tourist from the Five Towns. I am certain that Marguerite would have said in that limpid speech we had grown by this time to expect from her yet unkissed lips: "Was it for this that I have sacrificed my maiden innocence, my humble, if scholarly, home and the pure love of my youth ?"

In and out of the scenes characters were pushed by the clumsiest devices. They spouted clichés and the language of Lyceum unalloyed. Psychologically they simply creaked. Poor Sir Gerald du Maurier struggled to be his usual man of the world in this atmosphere, but Mr. Bennett was too much for him; and Miss Laura Cowie as a kind of vamp with a foot in both worlds, fell also by the wayside of the author's prose. With such accomplished actors *hors de combat* the rest of the cast were past praying for. Mr. Henry Daniell came out best in his satanic rôle. Mr. Bennett's use of this black magic saved the bother of inventing credible machinery to bring off his incredible situations.

Thus the honours of the opening of the autumn season go to Mr. Galsworthy and to the Leon M. Lion management, for from their hands we have artistry and modernity —that rare mixture which gives the theatre its widest significance.

Books

SIDELIGHTS ON HISTORY

Queen Elizabeth and some Foreigners. Edited with Introductions by Victor von Klarwik. Translated by Prof. T. H. Nash. With 36 illustrations. Lane. 18s.

The Vienna State Archives seem to hold a great store of unpublished material. Recently they produced "The Fugger News-Letters," and now we are able to learn a great deal of interest about the splendour of Elizabeth's London as seen by foreign eyes, and in particular about the evasions of the Virgin Queen when confronted with offers of marriage from at least four sovereigns. Charles, the son of the Emperor Ferdinand, was the most persistent wooer, and it is really shocking to find how all the representatives and orators who came over to plead his cause were fobbed off with fine promises, pretences of willingness and ingenious reasons for dissatisfaction. The wooer himself never came to England, but the amount of paper, argument and compliment wasted on his behalf is marvellous. Elaborate regulations as to the dowry, powers of the consort in England, and care of the children were drawn up, but the difference in religion was always a serious obstacle. Queen Elizabeth, who wrote a beautiful hand, complained of Ferdinand's illegibility. A letter of hers in Latin, opposite page 26, is a model of graceful calligraphy, though, oddly enough, it does not seem to be translated in the text. An unfortunate Duke of Würtemburg, who, according to his account, had been promised a garter and intensely desired the honour, never got it out of the Queen, in spite of his tactful and ingenious representative. The language of honorific compliment used in these endeavours grows tedious, so that we are glad of the variety provided by the narrative of a great traveller and fighter who came to England in 1585 and stayed long enough to see a good deal. His attempts at English place names are very queer. The "Consing" near Hampton Court is probably Kingston. He saw the Queen offer to wipe a smut off "the face of one Master or Captain Rall" (Raleigh) and noted that her bounty had raised him from indigence to wealth. All witnesses agree as to the splendour and display of English life, and the traveller writes:

> Many a yeoman here keeps greater state and a more opulent table than the nobles of Germany. He must be an unskilled farmer who does not possess gilt-silver salt-cellars, silver cups, and spoons.

The beauty of the women and that habit of kissing which Erasmus liked were attractions of the day, but we cannot wonder that some of the commissioners for the Hapsburg marriage found the English odd. "This nation," writes Baron Breuner, one of the later agents, "cannot be treated in the usual way, for inside

their heads is a perpetuum mobile, and they have either to be forced by great need, or to be humoured according to their whims."

The various ambassadors seem to have had ample recognition, so far as Court gaieties are concerned; but when it came to business, the Queen was far too clever for them.

The best of the striking illustrations is a fine head of Cardinal Granvella, Philip II's Chancellor, by Antonio Moro. The notes are well designed to help the average reader. V. R.

THE PAGEANT OF CIVILIZATION: WORLD ROMANCE AND ADVENTURE AS TOLD BY POSTAGE STAMPS. By F. B. WARREN. Benn. £1 1s.

"A COIN," said Mommsen, "is the product of four of the most wonderful things in the world: the State, commerce, science, and art." It is also a record of history, and this applies still more to its substitute on a letter, a stamp. British stamps do not go much outside the Royal head, but our Dominions have been more enterprising in their symbols; and republics like France have a gallery of illustration to choose from. Mr. Warren, who is evidently an American, makes out of stamps a lively and informative history, and shows how much they have done to remind us of great men and events, historic or typical scenes. His book is well illustrated throughout, except in the United States section, where reproduction is prohibited. No one but an expert and observant philatelist can realize the wide field of interest he covers, and his narrative includes many interesting details. We thought, for instance, that the title of Napoleon III implied a Napoleon II in the little Duke of Reichstadt. Now we learn that three exclamation marks, Napoleon !!!, were taken to mean "the Third," and the mistake was never corrected. Our own King, a great stamp collector, figures with Charles I on a Barbados stamp; a Portuguese colony honours Da Gama, and Balboa sees the Pacific from a mountain top. France supplies a head of Pasteur and a specimen of the balloon post when Paris was besieged in 1870. An ant-eater appears in French Guiana, and a Carthaginian galley in Tunis. Joan of Arc survives in postal portraiture, but only far away in French Indo-China. Mr. Warren adds, for experts, a list of the more expensive stamps and the prices they are likely to fetch. This part of the book is not of general interest, as the chief prizes recognized by the market are mere rarities, distinguished rather for some freak or failure in their production than for beauty.

TRAVEL AND THE OUTLANDS

TIGERS, GOLD AND WITCH-DOCTORS. By BASSETT DIGBY. John Lane. 12s. 6d.

THIS interesting book is a record of travel in Siberia, though the author has naturally only been able to cover a small portion

of that vast country. His personal experience seems confined in the main to the Baikal district, though he has a good deal to say about Siberia as a whole. The native races of this sparsely populated land are akin to the "Indians" of North America, the Eskimos especially forming a clear "ethnical bridge" between the New World and the Old. There is a general distrust of money, and barter is still prevalent; while goods for sale, in this unlettered region, are indicated by crudely pictured sign-boards nailed to the log cabins of the vendors. But the bulk of the nomad tribes still live in the "aul"—a beehive-shaped affair akin to the American wigwam.

Of native customs and superstitions Mr. Digby has much to tell, and he draws a vivid picture of this land of lonely forest, arid steppe, and frozen tundra. Large areas, such as the Taimyr Peninsula, are still unexplored, and, though the country generally has a flora and fauna not unlike those of Northern Europe, the traveller meets with occasional surprises. The peace of a wooded glade, where spring flowers and butterflies suggest to the mind our own New Forest, may be eerily disturbed by the stealthy advent of a fourteen-foot tiger!

The great volcanic rift of Baikal (the deepest lake in the world with soundings close on a mile), has a chapter to itself. It has many features of interest, including strange and unexplained variations in level, and a race of seals whose only kinsmen live in the Caspian Sea. Other chapters deal with Shamans (or Witch-Doctors), the habits of the Buriats, Yakuts, and other tribes, the making of socks out of birds'-nests, and Buddhist Lamaserais. Here, too, are found the largest tigers in the world, with the un-feline knack of swimming wide rivers. We are also told of the ways of bears and lynxes, mammoth ivory from Arctic islands, and swallows that build *inside* houses. The Buriat hunter still uses bows and arrows, and with these primitive weapons he will kill hares while riding at the gallop; indeed, he will even do this after an orgy of "tarasun" (a spirit distilled from milk), during which he has drunk enough to reduce the ordinary man to insensibility.

Of the industries of Siberia, the fur trade is the largest; while many of the natives become well-to-do on the produce of their flocks and herds. The commercial future of the country will depend on the opening up of the mineral resources — of which, so far, only the gold has been worked—and the development of agriculture.

The author has a pleasant turn of humour, and his readers will chuckle over "Ignatz the iron-hard ration," and his account of the manufacture of Passports Extraordinary.

The book is illustrated with photographs and is written in an

easy conversational style, though Mr. Digby somewhat overdoes the trick of ending his sentences with a series of dots. There is a curious slip on page 65, where 1,000 fathoms is said to be *more* than (instead of *exactly*) 6,000 feet; but, as a whole, the book can be strongly recommended as a real contribution to our knowledge of a country whose future possibilities are likely to equal in vastness its geographical area.

HAKLUYT'S VOYAGES. VOLS. IX AND X. FOREIGN VOYAGES AND INDEX. With an Introduction by ERNEST RHYS. Dent. £3 15s. the set.

THE promised addition of two volumes of foreign travel to the set of Hakluyt is very welcome. Vol. 9 has an excellent summary by Mr. Ernest Rhys, and Vol. 10 a good index, an important detail in a work of this sort. The only thing we wish for, as we have said before, is a glossary of odd or rare words. Several of these will puzzle the reader who enjoys stories of living dangerously in dubious regions. Who, for instance, knows what "altines" of wax candles are, or "sollytnikes" of nutmegs and cloves? The tales of Tartary due to Catholic missionaries are full of marvels of the sort used by Mandeville. Iceland is discussed at tedious length and not always to the point. The account of Jacques Cartier's voyages to New France is full of colour. We note that some English prowess is also included. The sacking of Cadiz in 1596 shows Hakluyt at his best, and the prayer for the occasion, said to be by Queen Elizabeth, is splendidly impressive. These navigators won their way against great odds; they may be called lucky, but they had both resolution and faith. The St. Malo sailors on reaching Canada put up a high cross on the coast; and all, unaffected by the arguments of some modern civilizers, believed in their right to take what they could.

THE OUTWARD BOUND LIBRARY: THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH. By MARY E. FULLERTON. THE NEW ZEALANDERS. By HECTOR BOLITHO. Dent. Each 5s.

THIS new series opens well, the two books being evidently the work of writers with intimate knowledge. They are concerned with people at work and actual life rather than politics, and convey a good deal of information without the tedious concentration of the guide-book. Miss Fullerton's title enables her to avoid the overcrowded cities, though Canberra is included as the coming Bush capital. Born and bred in a house built entirely of stringy-bark by her father, she traces the advance of Australia from the days of the early explorers. She is well equipped all round, but inclined to sentimentalism rather than criticism. Mr. Bolitho comes of New Zealand farming stock, and so can rely on his memories as well as the help he secured from the

Government. He also uses the diary he wrote when he was included in the Prince of Wales's tour. He makes a striking summary of the advantages of New Zealand in the way of good supervision and arrangements for a healthy life. The women are said to have escaped the greatest fault of the men, casualness. The retention of the ways and manners of the old country creates a certain insularity of view, but this is not regarded as a serious defect.

As the Maoris are characterized in an early chapter, Mr. Bolitho might have mentioned the great name of Sir George Grey who did so much to gain their confidence.

Both books include good illustrations.

FICTION

MR. BLETTSWORTHY ON RAMPOLE ISLAND. By H. G. WELLS. Benn. 7s. 6d.

MANY readers, we think, will welcome the return of Mr. Wells to romance and adventure. The story can be read for its own sake, in spite of its underlying allegory, and is for the greater part of the book full of colour, movement, and satisfying detail. Young Mr. Blettsworthy was of mixed blood, but, when his father sent him to England, he was brought up by a Broad Church uncle to be admirably English and discover that all was right with the world. After school and Oxford came his first shock, a double disaster which broke him up so much that he was sent for a sea voyage. That, too, proved disturbing, and led to his being cast on Rampole Island among savages, who would have eaten him, if he had not been regarded as a Sacred Lunatic. The islanders live in a gorge above which roam horrible Megatheria, symbols of unprogressive destruction. All these horrors prove, however, to be the dream of a mad mind and Blettsworthy wakes to sanity, the war and fatherhood.

This sequel is less successful, for Mr. Wells is out again with his superiority complex. The usual talk of the folly and stupidity of everybody else grows tedious. We have heard of authors who did not know the war was coming and prophesied the wrong end to it, and we do not know that they would have managed it better than anybody else. The new world after the war which looms in conversation is queer. A love affair is to be quite different, and already, we gather, is not what it was a hundred years ago. Certainly at that period and much later, the gales of sex would not have blown so loudly through a book, and we cannot say that we relish the change. Everybody wants a better world, but we do not see it coming Mr. Wells's way. Honest talk, absent on Rampole Island, is good; but so is self-control.

A superiority complex which rubs in the merits of its own education has the defects of its qualities. Mr. Blettsworthy was not so much a prophet of the new ideas as the friend who had swindled him in earlier years; but we notice that he felt himself fully capable of discovering and dilating on every deficiency in his wife.

THE LIVELY PEGGY. By STANLEY J. WEYMAN. Murray. 7s. 6d.

THE author's last story, which tells of a little seaport in Devon, a naval officer cashiered for drink, and his rehabilitation after trials on shore and sea, is very pleasant. "The Lively Peggy" is a smart brig; also, it might be said, a mutinous girl with the well-known taste that sometimes leads to disaster for reforming a wastrel by love. Here she and her lover make a runaway marriage and win through.

The leading characters are staged for ends which to the hardened reader seem evident and the writing shows occasionally signs of a tired brain. But the book does not lack subtlety, particularly in the character of the worldly parson. The fortunes of "The Lively Peggy" as a privateer are ingeniously varied and her first captain has an engaging touch of natural humbug about him.

FAR ENOUGH. By HELEN ASHTON. Benn. 7s. 6d.

"FAR ENOUGH" might be a description of the length to which modern heroes and heroines can go. There is nothing, however, of such distressing revelations in Miss Ashton's story, which is simple in plot. A Scot who has taken to business in Kingston, Jamaica, has also foolishly married a fascinating lady with coloured blood who spends all her time in exacting the attentions of men. The arrival of a nurse to look after her neglected children sets the story going. She is not beautiful, but supremely competent, and she wins the position which she deserves.

Miss Ashton writes easily and well with an extraordinary command of detail. So we have a complete picture of Jamaica down town and up in the hills. The difficulties of mixed blood are emphasized:

> There's never been any real colour-bar in this island. It's not like Barbadoes. Everything has got pretty well mixed up. There aren't half-a-dozen really white families left.

MEN OF LETTERS

SHAKESPEARE'S WORKSHOP. By W. J. LAWRENCE. Blackwell. Oxford. 5s.

AFTER many years of study, Prof. Lawrence has made himself a leading investigator of Shakespeare, and all that he writes is worth attention, so that this short book of reprinted articles should not be missed. He remarks *inter alia* that, though expense

limited the number of players in a company, there was no such limitation of dramatis personæ. Consequently parts had to be doubled or trebled and dramatists had to arrange for characters to be killed or to fade out. The idea that Shakespeare was writing for actors of particular personalities is of interest, though not new. Two boys, one fair and one dark, could make a valuable discrimination between such similar talkers as Hermia and Helena, and there was in all likelihood a Smike who played starveling figures. As in most modern criticism, we get behind the First Folio, which has not the merits it claims. The players' way of improving and altering originals doubtless accounts for much in Shakespeare's text. The ghost in *Hamlet*, which threatened to sink to a gramophone record, is treated with due respect. His selection of persons to whom he was visible reminds us of Athene in the Odyssey.

SHELLEY—LEIGH HUNT: RECORDS AND LETTERS. Edited with Introduction by R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON. Ingpen and Grant. 12s. 6d.

A GOOD deal of this volume has been forgotten long enough to rank as novel today, and all of it shows the figures concerned to advantage. Their views and reputations have gained by the lapse of time. Still, we prefer the sub-title we have taken from the paper cover to the exaggerated phrase "How Friendship Made History." We cannot suppose that either Shelley or Hunt would have ceased to write without the mutual support their alliance of thought and feeling provided. They were keen enough to stand alone. Hunt was an early and sound appreciator of his friend's poetry, and did justice to it in the papers here reprinted from the *Examiner*. He was always wisely generous in feeling and his letters are charming, full of that enthusiastic appreciation and affectionate domestic regard which mean much to any friend at odds with the world.

His political articles in the *Indicator* mark him as an idealist much in advance of his age. The paper was firm and upright, admitting none of the twaddle which is common today. The famous libel on the Regent is included and is sufficient to show how politics embittered feelings and encouraged wholesale condemnations. If the party of liberty were scandalously abused, they paid back their opponents in similar coin. Hunt had not Hazlitt's brains for invective, and was unfortunately open to derision in his own conduct. He confesses in a letter here "my own improvidence." He never took the trouble to understand money, and consequently became a cadger for it. But his zeal and independence in other ways are greatly to his credit. He understood Shelley perfectly, and that genius, a bright being more than a man, was awkward to deal with. He

must have been aware of his inferiority as a poet to Keats and Shelley, and the absence of any sign of jealousy is notable. He got on very well, too, with Peacock, who cannot have shared many of his views. He was, in fact, no useless Harold Skimpole, and is one of Mr. Johnson's best revivals.

POETRY

SELECTED POEMS. By SIR WILLIAM WATSON. Thornton Butterworth. 10s. 6d.

IT seems so long ago that William Watson was a name to conjure with in English poetry that one is not surprised to be reminded that he might have been offered the laureateship when Tennyson died. Yet this collection of his poems seems to lose nothing to time. Indeed, if one thing stands out, it is that the exquisite things in it, dating from the 'nineties, are still Sir William Watson's best. His work has always been in the middle stream of the tradition of English poetry. If it has a fault, it lies in a tendency to journalism, for events move him and his mind has always fearlessly challenged those things he has deemed bad or subversive. In some of the later pieces the voice tends to become a little shrill in its invective, but his noble "Prelude" reminds us that his hand has lost but little of its great cunning, and his mind none of its fire. He prays of Song:

> Through all our clamour and blare and greed and lust
> Remind us of the stars,

and that supremely his work does. Welcome, then, this selection made and annotated by the poet himself, and containing all the most worthy to be remembered of his life work.

BLAKE'S INNOCENCE AND EXPERIENCE. A Study by JOSEPH H. WICKSTEED. Dent. 21s.

"How wide the gulf and impassable between simplicity and insipidity," Blake himself said, and the more deeply we study his lyric work, the more must we realize that its simplicity is surcharged with meaning. Those two lyric volumes with "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell" give us the key to Blake's philosophy, a philosophy which has had to wait practically until our own day for understanding and interpretation.

In the elucidation of that meaning nothing could serve better than to see the manuscripts themselves with Blake's alterations and emendations, his first drafts and final engraved poems. The concluding section of this book which gives us the reproduction of the Experience MSS. is in this way invaluable; and Mr. Wicksteed has worked carefully over this manuscript, tracing the significance of the revision, and bringing it into line (at

times a little too closely) with his theory of the meaning of Blake's teaching. This study of the MSS. is the best part of the volume, although the expository preface, the group of five essays in the general introduction, and the annotation to every poem of both the Innocence and the Experience is carried out with scholarly thoroughness.

We may not fully agree with the superstructure of Blake's actual and psychological history which Mr. Wicksteed builds upon his study; we may at times vary with his interpretation of words, symbols and passages; and we may think at moments that the critic endows his subject with a somewhat humourless sacro-sanctity; but, if we are ourselves Blake students and enthusiasts, these structures will not blind us to the sincerity and basic scholarship of this new study of the keywork of the poet.

GENERAL

ENGLAND AND THE OCTOPUS. By CLOUGH WILLIAMS-ELLIS. With Epilogue by PATRICK ABERCROMBIE. Bles. 5s.

THIS book is a vigorous and timely protest against the destruction of the amenities of town and country. The view from Boars Hill over Oxford is famous, showing the beauty of the dreaming spires. But those who admire it have to forget its dominating feature, a huge ugly gasometer lifted up in front of it. This did not exist, we suppose, in Matthew Arnold's day, but is the result of later Victorian progress untempered by donnish protest. Such outrages are enough to make the lover of beauty mad, and Mr. Williams-Ellis, as he remarks in his Foreword, hopes to play the part of a gadfly, pierce the calloused skins of his countrymen, and inject a little doubt or discomfort about the atrocities permitted or committed today. People with a copious lack of taste, either through sheer ignorance or hope of gain, are spoiling the charm and old-world dignity of England. It seems strange that on visiting a monument like Stonehenge tourists must be urged to eat on the spot by a wretched café. The world of advertisement, which the Scapa Society has already tackled, has much defacement to answer for. The "lusty curses" of the author are amply justified and deserve a wide circulation. Artists on the Continent have a much greater say in the arrangement of a town than over here, and the most to be hoped in many quarters is that people of culture may influence Philistines on local committees. We have good architects, but not the wise to employ them. Improvements have, however, been achieved of late years. The illustrations show that it is possible to make a comely building of a post-office or a bank.

Part of the trouble is that the Englishman, being intensely

individual, thinks only of his own house or shop, and the idea that buildings should be considered in relation to each other never enters his head. The middle of the last century was the most hopeless time for the expression of visual beauty, and the rising crowd of industrialists held on their wicked way unchecked. In 1950 protests and complaints like this book will, we trust, have made a great advance. The cause of beauty and decency is not lost. Something is to be expected of education, also of lectures with effective illustrations to make the ignorant realize that the contemplation of simple beauty is worth while. As Wordsworth wrote :—

These tourists—Heaven forgive them—needs must live.

But men cannot have the countryside altered to suit them. Already a few have reached a standard of orderly and seemly building our grandfathers never thought of. The author mentions, *honoris causa*, some better things, including the rising town of Welwyn, which, thanks to good management and foresight, is "comely and spacious, prosperous and healthy." He considers the case of the great houses which nowadays are often too expensive to keep up. The best of them are monuments of which the nation should be proud, but the up-to-date magnate may build a mansion which looks like a prison or a lunatic asylum. It is a pity that the author was too excited to think about an index.

GUY LIVINGSTONE. By GEORGE LAWRENCE, with an Introduction by SHEILA KAYE-SMITH. Elkin Mathews. 7s. 6d.

WE are glad to see again in the " Rescue Series " a spirited and well-written book, in which the introducer finds " a culture which might well incite our modern novelists to imitation." This is her best remark. Many of Lawrence's scenes are naturally beyond her competence to discuss. More to the point than a reference to the silly sheikh stories would be a recognition of Lawrence as the precursor of Ouida, with the same fire but not the same gift for elementary mistakes in learned languages. He belonged to a period when the reading public was much smaller and much better educated than it is today. He ventured on a striking appreciation of the Cassandra of Æschylus, and it is an odd fact that his son distinguished himself in that very part when the *Agamemnon* was revived at Oxford.

Although every precaution is taken, the Editor will not be responsible for the loss or damage of manuscripts sent in for consideration; nor can he undertake to return manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.